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MAY 2, 1980

n. F. Buckley Jr. on

HE HOSTAGES —see page 552

NATIONAL REVIEW

What We Should Know About China

(and never thought to ask)

RICHARD L. WALKER

テホ先来告谷耳※☆!※!

'om Hayden on the Stump

or, Beware of Economic Democracy!)

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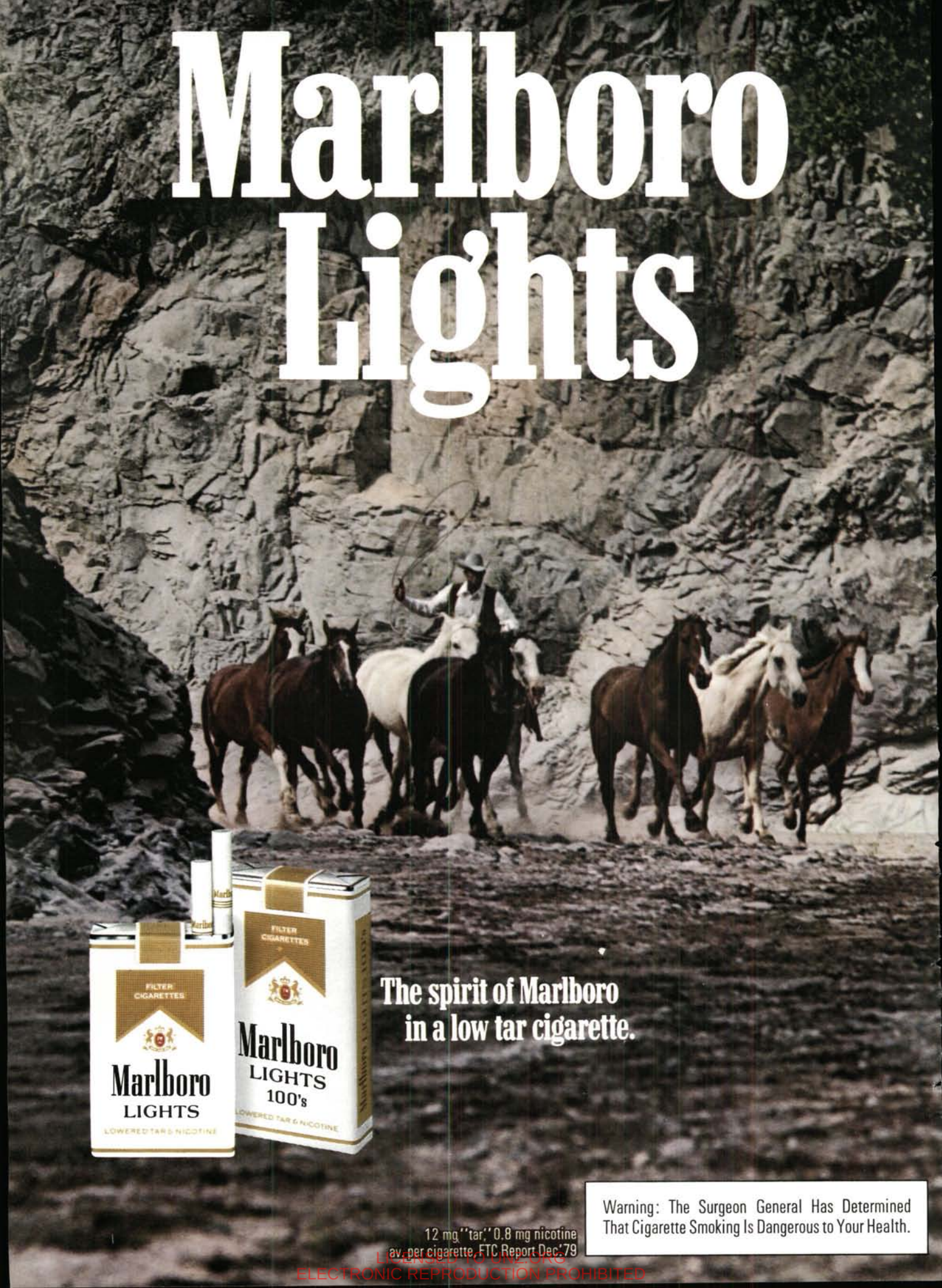
Marlboro Lights



The spirit of Marlboro in a low tar cigarette.

12 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec.'79

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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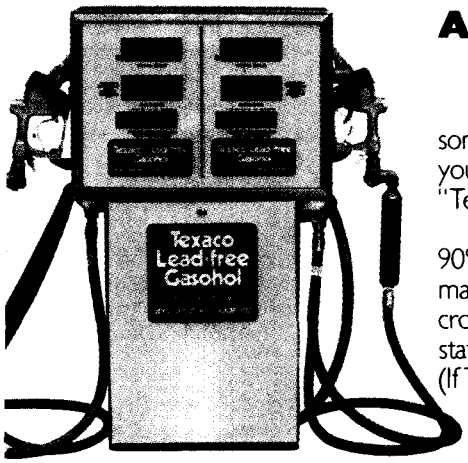
Texaco announces a way to make gasoline go further. Corn.



Alcohol made from corn and other renewable crops could be a way to stretch our supply of gasoline.

When you pull into a Texaco station in some states, you may see a gasoline pump you don't recognize, a pump that says "Texaco Lead-free Gasohol."

Texaco Lead-free Gasohol is a mixture of 90% unleaded gasoline and 10% ethanol made from corn and other renewable crops. And Texaco's selling gasohol in many stations in a number of states right now. (If Texaco Lead-free Gasohol isn't available in your area yet, look for other quality Texaco products like Texaco Lead-free gasoline.)

Gasohol can't replace gasoline. But by making gasohol, it will be possible to stretch our available supply of motor fuels. And that could mean that the use of alcohol as a gasoline supplement can be of some help in reducing our dependence on petroleum imports.

So while we're looking for other alternative sources of energy, we'll continue to use gasohol as a way to make our current supply of gasoline go further.

TEXACO

We're working to keep your trust.

Look for [illegible]
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[illegible]nnecticut, Indiana, Kentucky, [illegible]consin, and Washington, D.C.

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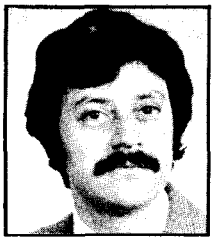
NATIONAL REVIEW

MAY 2, 1980
VOL. XXXII, NO. 9
ISSN: 0028-0038



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RATES: *$21.00 (26 issues) a year. Add $2.00 for Canada, $4.00 for other foreign subscriptions, per year. The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage or, better, a stamped, self-addressed envelope, is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the view of the editors.*

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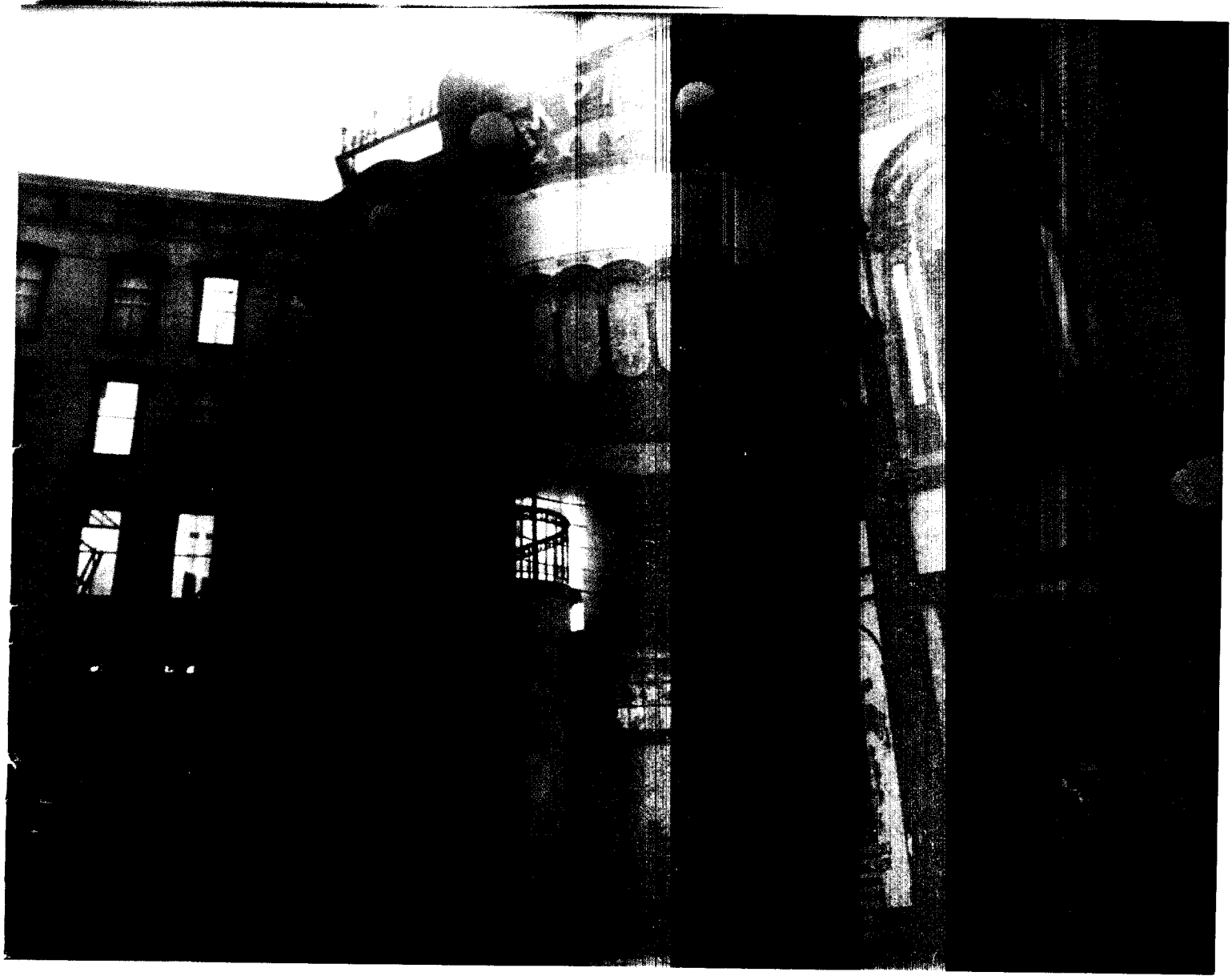


ction at a Hollywood oil field.

"This is the set where they shot 'Hello, Dolly!' What you can't see is us pumping oil behind it."

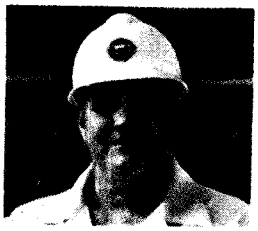
"One of the strangest places I ever produced oil," says Gulf Production Superintendent Eddie Culbertson, "was right here in Los Angeles, in the back lot of the 20th Century-Fox studio.

"They found an oil field right under a permanent set being used for shooting the movie 'Hello, Dolly!' in 1969.

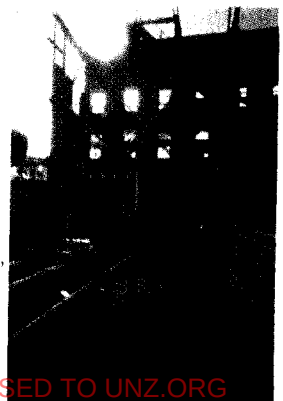
The indirect approach

"How do you get at the oil without disturbing the set, the streets, or the buildings? With a technique called directional drilling. The oil is as far as one mile from the surface location of the drill sites, which were hidden by the scenery.

"Directional drilling has other advantages. You can drill 20 or 30 wells from just one drill site. Or you can drill for some offshore oil without putting the drilling rig right in the water.



"We showed them how they could have their oil and their movies."



"Behind the scenery are 22 producing oil wells."

Keep America beautiful

"Sometimes it's a real challenge getting the oil without spoiling the landscape. Directional drilling is one way to do it.

"But there are other ways, and at Gulf we're using all of them—doing all we can to keep supplying energy for tomorrow."

Gulf

Gulf people: energy for tomorrow.

Gulf Oil Corporation.

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Letters

Kafka's Candidate

Let all those who think NATIONAL REVIEW predictable take note: in the five-part series on the presidential candidates, the *least* sympathetic treatment was accorded not Ted Kennedy, but John Anderson ["Doonesbury's Candidate," April 18]. And justly so.

A metamorphosis in Anderson has been apparent since the start of the campaign. The modesty and even gentle self-mockery which came across in Bill Moyers's television profile of Anderson in January has visibly given way to arrogance and self-importance since then—an insight which was picked up (appropriately enough) by G. B. Trudeau in the *Doonesbury* comic strip, where a panic-stricken Anderson aide attempts to prevent his candidate from using the imperial "we" on *Meet the Press.*

Sonia Volkonsky
Madison, Wis.

Strict Accounting

As one not too gifted in mathematics, I still couldn't help finding a glaring error in your editorial "The $871-Billion Budget" [April 14].

It seems to me a spending allocation of $612 billion plus the $269 billion mentioned for 1981 adds up to $881 billion, does it not? Correct me if the new math indicates differently.

Charles A. Byrne
University Heights, Ohio

You're quite right, although the fault lies not with the new math, but with our new typesetting system. You've spotted yet another casualty. Please note that the figures in the second *paragraph do add up correctly. That $269 billion in the final paragraph should have read $259 billion.* —MC

How to Get Depressed

Despite my usual policy of never commenting on reviews of my work, favorable or unfavorable, I must correct one serious misstatement in Joseph Sobran's generous review of our television series, *Free to Choose* [March 21].

Sobran asserts that "Friedman lays the Depression to antisemitism." That is wrong. I noted that antisemitism was one factor that entered into the failure of the Bank of United States on December 11, 1930. That was an important turning-point in the Depression but it was by no means decisive, by no means *the* cause of the Depression. The essential cause was inept monetary policy that permitted the stock of money to decline by one-third from 1929 to 1933 and that contributed to the failure of the Bank of United States itself. As I noted in the TV series, given that inept policy, if the Bank of United States had *not* failed when it did some other bank would have failed sooner or later and triggered the same consequences.

Milton Friedman
Senior Research Fellow
Hoover Institution
Stanford, Calif.

Yawn

In the March 21 "For the Record" you asked the question: "Has the average American noted that on most questions of import in the UN Yugoslavia has a) supported the Soviet position and b) led and supported Third World anti-Uncle-Samism?"

The answer is *no.* The average American is much too intelligent to believe that questions of import can be addressed in the UN. Whether or not Yugoslavia supported Third World negativism is irrelevant. The possibility of her being invaded induces a yawn. The average American knows that Yugoslavia has no oil, and the use of slivovitz in one's car will rot all the rubber gaskets.

Alan Kardas
Chicago, Ill.

Muddying the Waters

I was present in New York when Michael Kennedy told a reporter his family is "definitely planning to run one of the Kennedy girls for President some day" ["The Week," April 4].

Young Michael is a quick-witted youth and the remark was so obviously a put-on that it could only be believed by those unfortunate enough to be reporters or readers of the *New York Post*, which printed the story.

Having thus cleared the air, I do feel that I should mention Michael's sister Courtney, who is clear-headed, forward-looking, and dynamic on the stump. With this in mind, I have counseled her not to speak to any of the women in the Roger Mudd family between now and 1996.

Tom De Lisle
Malibu, Calif.

Famous Last Words

Regarding Raoul Berger's quoting of Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes in "Judicial Government vs. Self-Government" [April 4]:

Marie Antoinette did not say, "Let them eat cake." Carlyle misstated the source. Washington did not warn against "en-

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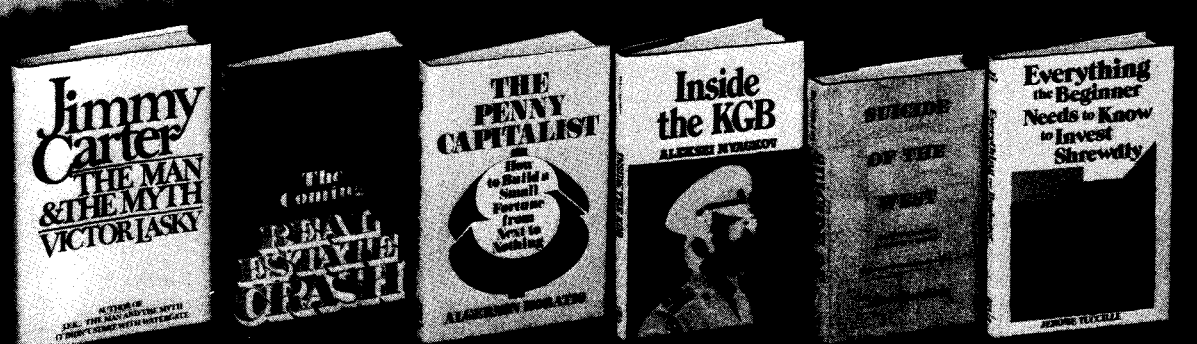
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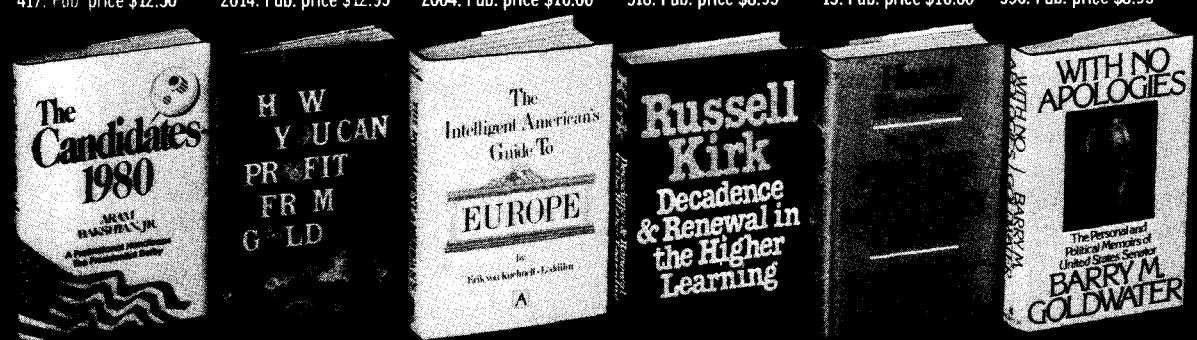
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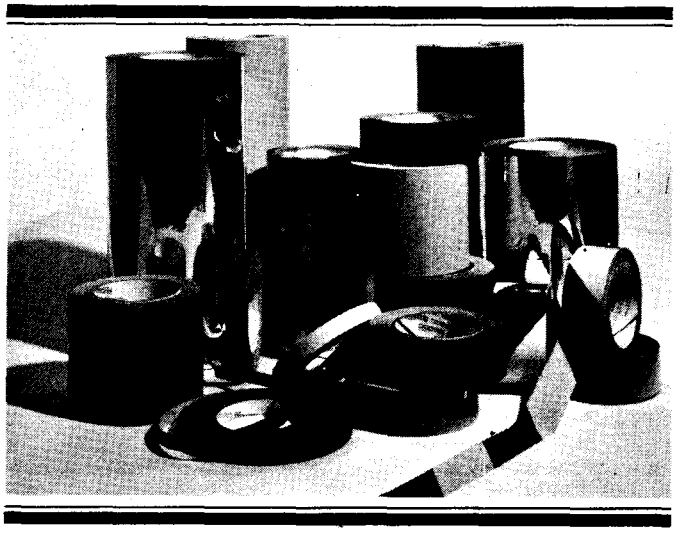

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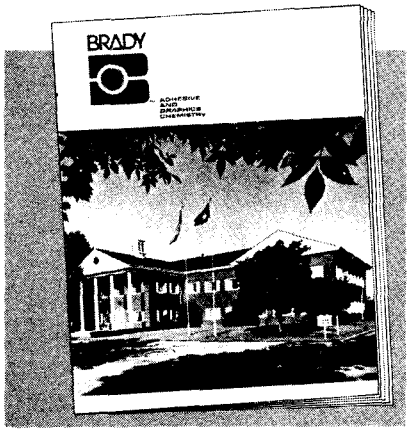

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tangling alliances." The phrase was Jefferson's. Jackson probably did not say, "John Marshall has made his decision. Now let him enforce it." A political opponent's hearsay attribution many years after the purported occasion is the only basis for the allegation. Pershing did not declare, "Lafayette, we are here." He explicitly disowned the utterance. McAuliffe did not shout "Nuts!" to the German emissaries. He himself once so told me.

Likewise, Hughes did not say, ". . . the Constitution is what the Supreme Court says it is." His words—in an extemporaneous speech at Elmira, N.Y. on May 3, 1907, during his tenure as governor of New York—were, "the Constitution is what the judges say it is." His point in context concerned the state judiciary's proper role of safeguarding fundamental law, as distinguished from being encumbered with responsibility to oversee administration. Raoul Berger misquotes and misinterprets him.

Charles Burton Marshall
Arlington, Va.

Fun, Fun, Fun

Your editorial "Squeaky Sweeney" [April 4] rightly deplores the flirtations with Charles Manson on the part of the Beach Boys' Dennis Wilson. But it should be noted the Beach Boys' music is the most pro-American in rock and roll. For nearly twenty years, the Beach Boys' songs have celebrated youth, innocence, and American life—a paean to the freedom and affluence of post-World War II, middle-class America. Not surprisingly, their popularity dipped between 1967 and 1972, but since then they have attracted a whole new generation of fans who realize their lives are filled, not with evil and repression, but with fun, fun, fun.

John McLeod
Milford, Conn.

I'll Never Lie to You

Ferdinand Mount ["Spook's Disease," March 7] states that the CIA "invented a mythical North Vietnamese military HQ for South Vietnam somewhere in Cambodia." In fact, the existence of this "mythical" HQ has been confirmed by an authoritative "black paper" issued in Phnom Penh by the Pol Pot regime. This paper places the HQ at Mimot, the very spot indicated by President Nixon during an April 30, 1970 broadcast, and explains that invading American troops failed to find it because the HQ forces withdrew to the western bank of the Mekong River, farther into Cambodia than Mr. Nixon would permit our troops to go.

My source for this information is a newspaper article datelined Bangkok, Thailand, and copyrighted by the New York Times News Service, which appeared in the March 20, 1979 issue of the *Milwau-*

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Economic Research Bureau Warns:

When the Depression Hits, What Happens to You?

(Washington, D.C.) A major economic crisis is about to hit the United States, and our government is not going to be able to head it off. This is the controversial opinion of Dr. Gary North, the executive director of the American Bureau of Economic Research, the nationally known research organization. In fact, Dr. North argues, the government's own policies are the source of the coming collapse.

"The U. S. economy is a house of cards," Dr. North asserts, "but people who didn't go through the Great Depression can't believe that such a thing is possible any more. We have raised up a generation of Americans who simply won't know what to do when the crisis hits. Their grandparents remember what real hardship is, but the kids don't want to think about it."

"The Six Deadly Assumptions"

Millions of Americans, young and old, are making assumptions about the future that are dangerously optimistic. Dr. North calls these "the six deadly assumptions." A lot of people believe in all six, he says, and practically everyone believes in at least four. The six assumptions are these:

1. **"My pension can actually be paid off."**
2. **"The Social Security system isn't bankrupt."**
3. **"The Federal government insures the present and future value of my bank account."**
4. **"A depression is impossible today."**
5. **"My guaranteed annuity is safe."**
6. **"The government will control inflation."**

If you have made even **one** of these assumptions, and you refuse to rethink your premises, Dr. North warns, "you are headed straight for disaster."

"Special Report"

Dr. North's detailed predictions about the immediate economic future, plus his analysis of the six deadly assumptions and how to escape their consequences, are now available in a special report, ***How You Can Profit from the Coming Price Controls.***

The government will soon be issuing a new currency, he says: ration coupons. He also predicts crippling shortages. Whole sections of the economy will go bankrupt. Unemployment in these industries will skyrocket. Businessmen who have not learned the techniques of capital preservation under price controls will have a terrible time. "As always, sharp traders who know in advance what is coming will clean up," he predicts.

Dr. Gary North

Will the Government Suppress his Report?

Dr. North claims that his special report gives you the techniques that will "beat the paralyzed markets." He says you have to know about timing, shifting markets, hidden sources of supplies, and barter. "These techniques are really not that hard to master once you know what they are, but they aren't obvious to most people. You have to be taught."

Dr. North admits that very few people will take the steps necessary to protect themselves. "This is why the little guy always gets sheared. People refuse to act until it is way too late. They won't read a survival manual like ***How You Can Profit from the Coming Price Controls.*** But for those who do, and who follow its advice, the coming crisis should be a time of tremendous opportunity. For some people, it will be a true bonanza."

"The Government Will Suppress This Report"

Dr. North is pessimistic about the long-run prospects for his report. He is convinced that the government will eventually take steps to restrict its circulation. "My report shows people how to beat the controls. The bureaucrats resent this. After all, what good are the controls, from the government's point of view, if people know how to short-circuit them? That's what my report is all about."

About the time that most people finally figure out that a crisis has hit and that they desperately need the information in his report, Dr. North says, the government will force it off the market. "People always think they can get special information anytime they need it, but they can't. If they wait too long, they will have to pay through the nose to get it."

There are still some important **loopholes** that the government has neglected to close, Dr. North insists, but they won't be available forever. "That's why the people who act now will make the big money. Those who wait around will **pay** the big money." If you hesitate now, concludes Dr. North, "you're asking for trouble."

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kee Journal under the headline, "Document Backs Nixon Claim in '70."

John A. Zodrow
Cudahy, Wis.

Longfellow's Arrow

Re "Ostriches and Lions" [April 4] by Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn, note the sentence: "They have created an atmosphere of confusion, weariness, false hopes, miscalculations, indecision, procrastination, wrong expectations, and intellectual cowardice." Is this by chance a definitive European description of the Carter Administration, or was it a journalistic arrow shot into the air that accidentally found its mark?

L. Malamatenios
Fairfax, Va.

Electronic Language

I must tell you how much I enjoyed Mr. Brookhiser's piece on George Bush [April 4], in particular the striking image: "[Bush] still drops pauses in awkward places, like a moving-man leaving a piano on the stairs." You don't encounter many new, vivid phrases these days. That one was lovely.

To answer his rhetorical question, "down time" is, alas, still another computer word that has slithered its way into general use, dropping its specific meaning along the way (cf. "input," "parameter," "algorithm").

Computer systems, when working, are "up." When they are not, they are "down." Therefore, "down time" is when "the system's not up." Since access to a computer is a requirement for much of a programmer's work, "down time" means, for human beings, "time spent unproductively."

"Down time" can occur unexpectedly, when a "glitch" in the system causes a failure; or it can be scheduled, purposively, for such things as "PM" (preventive maintenance), or to try to find a sporadically failing component, using special programs called "diagnostics." This process, in IBM, is performed by "CEs" (customer engineers), and leads to bizarre sentences like: "The system's down for PM, while the CEs run diagnostics on that hardware glitch."

I suppose I've told you more about down time than you wanted to know. But there it is.

Tom McSloy
Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

NR's Architect

In his article "The Last Kennedy" [March 21], Richard Brookhiser states that the last interesting buildings erected in the borough of Queens were the Pylon and Terrasphere. I would be curious to know where those structures were (or are).

James M. Lawrence
Washington, D.C.

In an effort to downgrade Queens's architecture, I inadvertently gave it two brand-new buildings. "Pylon and Terrasphere" should have read "Trylon and Perisphere." —RB

Points, Repointed

Donald Coxe, in "The Leaders and the Litres" [Feb. 22], erroneously translates a gasoline price of 25¢ per litre in Canada to 80¢ (U.S.) for an American gallon. He should know—or have been able to determine—that there are 3.785 litres to the U.S. gallon, so the equivalent price is 94.6¢ a gallon.

And Mr. Brookhiser in the Reagan piece, same issue, places radio station WHO in Davenport, Iowa, which no doubt surprises at least some of the audience that has listened to its broadcasts from Des Moines for many, many years.

Durand C. Young
Sioux Falls, S.D.

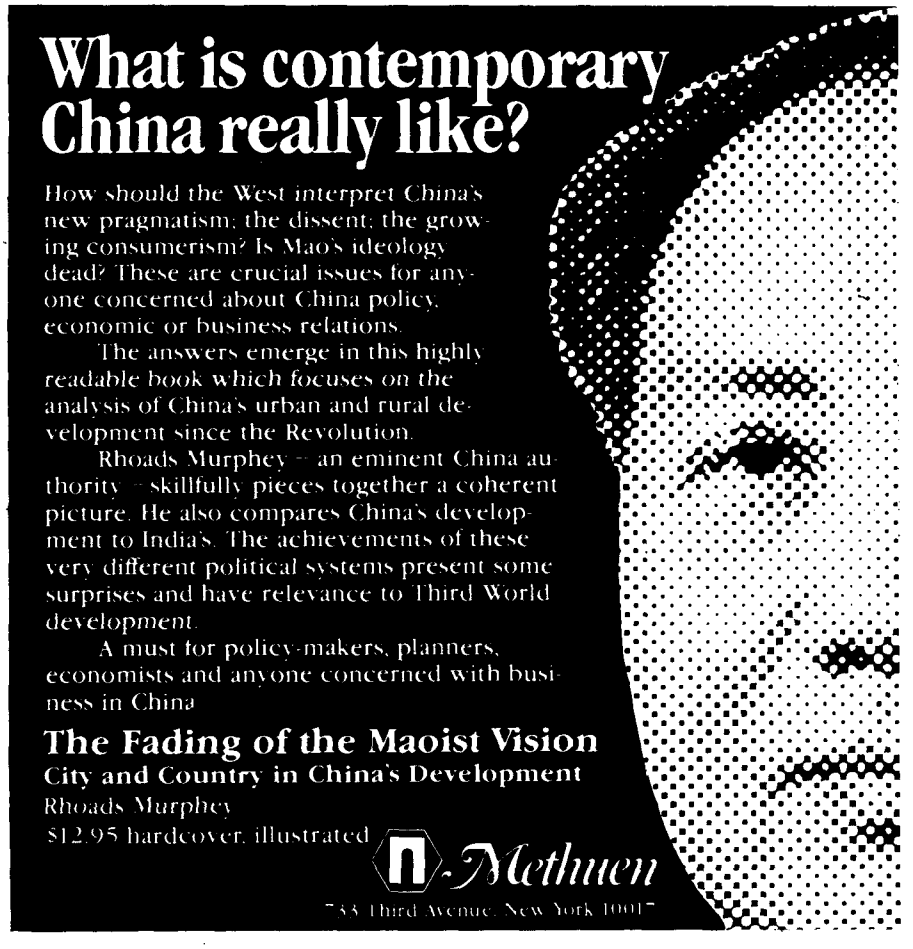
Alas for Canada, Mr. Coxe's arithmetic is not faulty. That 25¢ is 25¢ Canadian, *3.785 times which does indeed translate into approximately 80¢ U.S., which is part of Canada's problem, and Mr. Coxe's point. . . . Apologies to WHO, which has, as Mr. Young says, broadcast from Des Moines for "many, many years." The confusion arose because, at some point between the first and the second "many," station WOC, from Davenport, merged with WHO.* —LB

A Change of Heart

Selden Rodman's review [Feb. 22] of the new biography of W. H. Auden exuded a certain smug pity (*Schadenfreude* was the word Auden himself used for this emotion) which I feel needs to be examined.

Auden the man certainly did not lead an entirely admirable life. One may find homosexuals more pitiable than censurable, but neither way was his state enviable—especially after he became a believing and (in other respects) practicing Christian, and could not therefore simply regard himself as an adherent of an "alternative lifestyle."

"Read it and weep," says Mr. Rodman, and for Auden the man, I would, to a certain extent, agree. But need we also weep for Auden the poet? Mr. Rodman, if memory serves, was himself a radical (though non-Marxist) leftist in the Thirties; for him, Auden wrote his last great poem on September 1, 1939, as he was leaving the Thirties leftist milieu to return to the church. From another point of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view, though, it was only then that Auden was able to begin writing his greatest poetry: poetry that retained the verbal brilliance of his Twenties and Thirties work, but put it into the service of a consistent and profound world view, in place of the powerful but facile political engagement of all too many of his early poems. That is not to denigrate his earlier work—however Auden himself later came to feel about them, I would be very sorry not to have had "Petition," say, or some stanzas of "Spain"—but merely to acknowledge that Auden, unlike some of his coevals, eventually, in some respects, grew up.

Julie Wilcox
Chicago, Ill.

Voice in the Wilderness

The assertion ["The Week," Jan. 25] that between 1936 and 1975 the supply side of economics was ignored by economists is not exactly true. The matter needs to be put the other way around: economists concerned with the supply side were ignored. I take the case I know best—my own. In the years 1945 to 1950 my students and tutees at Harvard and Radcliffe were informed that: 1) Keynesian thinking would come to dominate policy-making in Washington, and 2) the inevitable consequence of Keynesian policies would be inflation combined with unemployment. Moreover, for a specific application of supply analysis to a contemporary problem the editors are referred to my essay in—as it happens—NATIONAL REVIEW [May 23, 1975]. The same viewpoint was also expressed at the 1951 meeting of the American Finance Association.

One reason little has been heard about supply-side analysis since 1945 is that in many universities the junior faculty member who could not perceive and therefore did not proclaim the ultimate truths of the Keynesian schema was judged incompetent by his converted seniors. A consequence of this selection process is that today many of the better professorial chairs are occupied by economists who have been wrong on the major analytical and policy matters of our time. Now it would be most reassuring to be able to believe that reason motivates Congress in its apparent willingness to at least give a hearing to the opinions of economists Norman Ture and Paul Craig Roberts. Unfortunately, it is events—the unmistakable signs of systematic deterioration in the American enterprise system produced by two generations of Keynesian policies—and not a new understanding of economic theory which compel members of an increasingly incompetent and/or corrupt Congress to look beyond their ancient Keynesian mentors for advice.

Philip D. Bradley
Washington, D.C.

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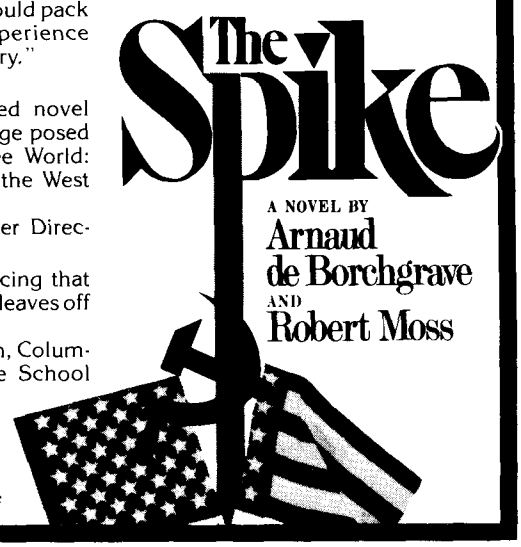

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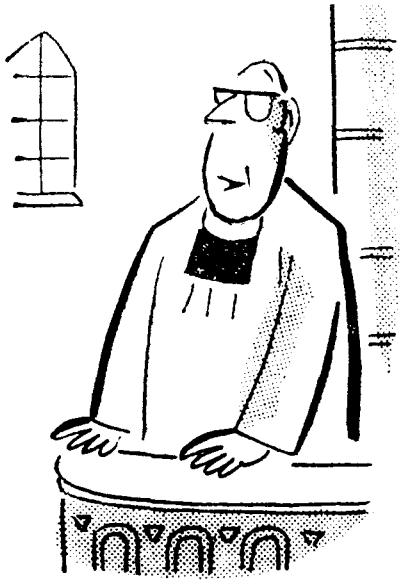
FOR THE RECORD

■ Wheelings and dealings on the third-party front. **John Anderson** has hired **David Garth** to get a reading on his prospects as a third-party or independent candidate. . . . **Tom Matthews** and **Robert Craver**, fundraisers and direct-mail men for Sens. **Kennedy**, **Culver**, and **Packwood**, **Common Cause** and **ACLU**, have put their heads together on Anderson fundraisers. . . . **Evans** and **Novak** think it's 2 to 1 that Anderson will go Third. . . . Former Wisconsin Gov. **Patrick Lucey**, who threw up his job as **Jimmy Carter**'s ambassador to Mexico to work on the Kennedy campaign, says if Kennedy loses he'll support Anderson. . . . Meanwhile, Anderson retired to California to think it over. He will not go third-party, he says, if that will help **Ronald Reagan**. Which means? That good party-man Anderson would prefer to see a Democrat—any Democrat—in the **White House**. . . . Some warning signals are up. Evans and Novak are predicting that if Kennedy "becomes truly visible" you can "look for the Left to abandon Anderson." . . . And *Washington Post* writer **Mary Meehan**, in an open letter to Anderson, warns: "You may be a hero to the liberals just now, but you cannot count on them for the long haul. When the going gets tough, the tough are supposed to get going; but the liberals generally advance to the rear [back into the arms of the Democratic Party]."

■ Reagan, meanwhile, is looking good. He topped Carter for the first time, by 45 to 44, in the March 30 **Yankelovich** poll. . . . Mayor **Ed Koch** said, that same week, that right now Ronald Reagan would win in New York City—liberal New York. . . . *The New Republic*'s **Morton Kondrake** has warned its liberal readers that if Reagan is nominated he has a "good chance of being elected in spite of what **Gerald Ford** and John Anderson think." . . . **Gallup** finds Reagan the choice of 61 per cent of Republicans, as against 15 per cent for **Bush**, 12 for Anderson. . . . Moderate Gov. **Jim Thompson** of Illinois—no Reagan fan—thinks that a) Reagan will get the nomination, b) he should choose **Howard Baker** as running-mate, but even so, c) he will not yet endorse Reagan. . . . Over in England, at **Ladbroke's**, Reagan has become the odds-on favorite to win the election. The odds: Reagan 8 to 11 (you bet 11 to get 8); Carter, even; Kennedy 20 to 1; Bush 33 to 1; and bringing up the rear, at 50 to 1, John Anderson.



Shailo, London *Daily Telegraph* Rothco

"This week's silver collection is in aid of Mr. Nelson Bunker Hunt."

■ Other races: In Maryland, **John Brennan**, a conservative lawyer, is challenging liberal Republican Senator **Charles Mathias** (ACA 15) in the May 13 primary, an uphill fight. . . . In Connecticut, **James Buckley**'s senatorial campaign got a double boost in early April with decision of former Rep. **Robert Steele** not to run, and a statement by Rep. **Christopher Dodd**, the Democratic senatorial candidate, that a Reagan-Buckley ticket "would be tough" to beat this fall. . . . In Colorado, Sen. **Gary Hart** has gone on the defensive. **Linda Ronstadt** scheduled a concert fundraiser for Hart in Cedar Rapids, Iowa on April 21, and nowhere in the announcements was there a mention that moneys raised by the sale of tickets would be used for a political purpose, Hart's campaign. The Republican Senatorial Committee has filed charges with the FEC. Hart's principal opponent is Jerry Ford's former campaign manager **Bo Callaway**.

■ Sens. **Joseph Biden** (D., Del.) and Howard Baker (R., Tenn.) returned from visit to carrier *Coral Sea* impressed. They found naval fliers ready and willing to carry out selective bombings in Iran to speed the hostages' release. "The mood of these fliers and military men out there is quite astounding," said Biden. . . . Former Irish Foreign Minister **Sean MacBride** is proposing a Nuremberg-style trial for the **Shah** as a pre-condition for the release of the hostages, says the London *Daily Telegraph*. . . . Australia says it will not replace retiring Ambassador **Marshall Johnston** in Teheran until the American diplomats are freed.

■ Quips: "Liberals don't care what people do as long as it's compulsory"—**Stan Evans** at the Philadelphia Society. . . . On Jimmy Carter: "Whatever General **Sherman** did on his March through Georgia, we are now even"—a character in *Horowitz and Mrs. Washington*. . . . "Do I get a cigarette and a blindfold?"—Ronald Reagan, to the American Association of Newspaper Editors.

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GM's first Project Center brought out totally new full-size cars: smaller, yet roomier, and far more efficient than their predecessors. The advertisements said they were "designed and engineered for a changing world"—and they were. Another Project Center, begun in 1975, developed the immensely popular GM X-cars.

Led by the five car divisions, Project Centers gather people, ideas, and knowledge from all 30 divisions and staffs of General Motors. In the first stage, which we call "concepting," experimental engineers, environmental scientists, forward planners, and marketing experts pool their thinking. Their objective: what the marketplace will require. This is the most important stage. Here we must determine not only what kind of car, but how many we might be able to build and sell years later. Economics, customer tastes, availability of various kinds of fuels must be compared with state-of-the-art technology—and what steps must be taken to advance that technology quickly yet surely.

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The second phase of the Project Center takes 24 to 30 months. It encompasses development, design, structural analysis, handling analysis, emissions, noise and vibration, safety, reliability, serviceability and repairability, manufacturing, assembly, marketing, financing.

Advanced product engineers and research scientists work with the one hundred fifty to two hundred people at the Project Center and thousands more in the staffs and divisions to transfer new science and technology to the new car. Components are hand-built and "cobbled" into existing models for road testing.

Prototype cars are hand-built at a cost of more than $250,000 each. These enable the Project Center team to determine how newly developed, pretested components operate as a unit. Then, pilot models will be built from production tooling and tested some more. New technology, such as structural analysis by computer, saves time. Lead time has been reduced by 25% from ten years ago, when cars were far less complex.

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THE WEEK

■ "World War III began before World War II ended, and it is going on today." That's a quotation from Richard Nixon's new book, *The Real War*, out now. Strange. We thought we were living in the era of detente and the structure of peace. Or maybe World War III began in the 1940s, ceased between 1968 and 1974, and then resumed again, the Soviets having been insufficiently appeased by wheat deals, credits, computers, Pepsi, and SALT.

■ If you like to take the long historical view of things and are wondering whom to vote for, here are two helpful clues: "Mr. Reagan's difficulty . . . [lies] in his grasp of American political history."—Historian Henry Steele Commager, *New York Times*, April 12. Whereas Senator Edward Kennedy is "ever conscious that he is a successor to John Quincy Adams and Daniel Webster. . . . The whole of his senatorial career might rightly be read as an extensive commentary on the preamble of our Constitution, for it has been devoted to realizing a more perfect union, justice, domestic tranquillity, the common defense, the general welfare, and liberty."—Historian Henry Steele Commager, in a preface to a collection of speeches by Edward M. Kennedy, edited by historian Henry Steele Commager.

■ John Anderson's church—the Evangelical Free Church—has explicitly denounced his positions on homosexuality and, especially, abortion. An editorial in the *Evangelical Beacon* sought to make it "very clear that Representative Anderson does not represent the consensus of opinion in the Free Church in regard to his pro-choice views on abortion." Which presumably puts the Free Church among the "right-wing extremists" the Integrity Candidate has been denouncing on behalf of the National Abortion Rights Action League. Anderson may soon announce whether he will henceforth pray as an independent.

■ Although the prime rate is still at 20 per cent, up from 11.75 per cent a year ago, Treasury bill rates have dropped three percentage points in the last three weeks, since their peak of 16.5 per cent. Prices of long-term bonds have also been rising, reflecting expectations that Fed Chairman Paul Volcker is succeeding in tightening up the money supply and winding down inflation. Fed watchers believe, though, that Carter's liberal appointees to the Federal Reserve Board do not agree with Mr. Volcker's sound-money policies, but that they are forced to go along with him because his resignation would destroy President Carter's chances for re-election. After November, however, liberal appointees like Nancy Teeters and Lyle Gramley may vote to open the money floodgates. A bad sign is the recent vote by the Federal Reserve Board against accepting Jerry Jordan, a distinguished monetary economist, as president of the Atlanta Federal Reserve Bank. Mr. Jordan was the nominee of the Board of Directors of the Atlanta Fed, and was supported by Volcker and Vice Chairman Schultz. He stands for sound money—and it was just for that reason that Gramley, Miss Teeters, and Chuck Partee organized a cabal to defeat him. Their effort succeeded when Fed board member Henry Wallich, ever a tester of the political winds, chose to abstain. If Jimmy Carter wins again, the dollar will be defeated.

■ Ladies: Are you depressed, nervous, upset? Do you find it difficult to handle ordinary social relationships? Are you one of those girls who jes' cain't say "no"? Well set your mind at ease. The Equal Employment Opportunity Commission has heard your prayers. The next time your boss invites you out for an after-work drink . . . have him arrested. "Harassment on the basis of sex is a violation of Section 703 of Title VII (of the Civil Rights Act of 1964, as amended). . . . The determination of the legality of a particular action will be made from the facts, on a case-by-case basis," decrees Eleanor Holmes Norton (albeit acknowledging that "the prevalence of sexual harassment is well known to be great"). Next on the EEOC agenda: persuading OSHA to set federal standards for legal levels of irritability on the job.

■ Gasoline sells for—are you ready for this?—45 cents a gallon in Mexico, which does not have a $10-billion energy department. Naturally, American motorists in the border areas are buying all they can and "smuggling" it back into this country. And naturally,

Jimmy Unravels

Nothing works! Both cheeks
  Sting from being turned.
Rates are hitting peaks.
  Begin's feeling burned.
Housing slowly dies.
  Business mutters, "Bull."
I believe the guy's
  Running out of wool.

W. H. VON DREELE

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Do you remember the famous food fight in *Animal House*? John Belushi, playing the paunchy pride of frat row, curtails civil liberties by yelling, "Food fight!" in a crowded cafeteria. Instantaneously, the placid, Ike-like campus erupts in a frenzy of criss-crossing cream pies, smashed crockery, and various forms of (mostly unmentionable) culinary improvisation. It's a great scene. Unforgettable. What's not generally known, however, is that the scene was not inspired by tales of collegiate excess. (The most widespread rumor is that author Chris Miller drew on his own experiences at Dartmouth College.) No, indeed. According to official documents that have come into our possession (we've been waiting a year and a half to use that phrase) here's the way it happened.

It seems that one spring afternoon the President and his top advisors were sitting around the Rose Garden sipping tall cool ones. Talk turned from tennis and girls, as it sometimes must, to the economy and the fall campaign. The mood of the congenial group, which had been comfortable, even expansive, began to sour. "This President," this great President, all hands agreed, deserved better. His half-witted predecessor, by now almost a beloved figure among the electorate, had stuck "this President" with a stack of unpaid bills. Not only that, but the old guy had the gall to run around to fancy clubs at ten grand a speech and talk about how *he* had kept inflation down—this same fellow who had opened the national cash register and bellowed to the beer-chugging civil service, "Come and get it, gang!" Sure, he left 'em laughing when he pulled out of town—anyone could, if he didn't give a damn about the problems he was leaving behind. The country was fortunate indeed to have a leader such as "this President," a man who could be relied upon to put the welfare of his country ahead of his own political career.

Another round of cool ones appeared, and the men paused to sip and to reflect upon the country's good fortune. It was a special moment for them all, a moment they would remember, as the historical insights, the tall cool ones, and the evening breezes conspired pleasantly. They sensed that what was said that night would be important; they strained to hear every word, collecting for the mental scrapbook. And it was then that "this President" uttered the words that were to have such an impact on his top advisors and subsequently on their assistants and still later on the entire federal work force and finally on the impressionable young screenwriters of *Animal House*. "This President" leaned forward in his lawn chair, waited a moment for silence to fall, and said, "I think we ought to have a . . . *job freeze*."

■ The Reagan campaign has passed the first test of political prosperity. It is warmly welcoming the latecomers to the party. In the Senate, Reagan leader Paul Laxalt, one of nature's most agreeable men, has made it easy for former backers of Baker, Dole, and Other to slide into the Reagan column. Organizationally, the letterheads are opening up to the Midwestern moderates who would have preferred a Bush, a Baker, or—better still—one of their own, a Bill Milliken, for instance, or a Bob Ray. Even the New Right, which has made a much-publicized and exhaustive search for an alternative—from Phil Crane to John Connally to Jesse Helms to Al Haig—has accepted the inevitability of Reagan and is learning to its surprise that there is no penalty attaching to late conversions. All of which heightens the impression that Reagan has the capacity to campaign effectively and to govern well.

■ You may have noticed that where a month ago Teddy was getting bad press, he's now getting stories about his grace and his gallantry and his humor in the face of a bad press. In other words, you could say he's getting a good press.

—CATO

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customs agents are arresting and fining every "smuggler" they can catch. It is a crime to import cheap energy into the United States.

■ Gazing into their crystal balls, U.S. military analysts, says *Aviation Week*, are forecasting the why and how of a Soviet invasion of Iran. Using the excuse of unrest among the Kurds, Azerbaijanis, and Baluchis, the Soviets will pour troops into Iran for the all-purpose reason of restoring order along the Soviet borders. The invasion will be launched from three areas: Soviet territory east and west of the Caspian Sea, and Afghanistan. When? The analysts didn't say, but the answer is obvious: when the Soviets judge the conditions to be favorable.

■ Here is a quotation about occurrences in Managua, Nicaragua: "Inch by inch the ground was disputed, till the whole physical force and deadly animosity of the state were concentrated in the capital. The contending parties fought up to the very heart of the city; the streets were barricaded, and for three months not a person could pass the line without being shot at. Scenes of horror surpassing human belief are fresh in the memory of its inhabitants." The source is a book dated not yesterday, but 1842. Willard L. Beaulac—who had 13 tours of duty in 11 Latin American countries, five of them as ambassador, during a diplomatic career spanning forty years—cites the book to support a point in an article in the *Foreign Service Journal*. The point: Civil strife was not implanted in Nicaragua by the U.S. but has been recurrent since that country's origin. But Nicaragua is tough on reputations, Beaulac observes. Opprobrium now falling on the United States stems from an intervention that took place from 1927 to 1932, with the aim of pacifying the place.

■ "*Monrovia, Liberia*, April 15—Soldiers dumped the bodies of former president William Tolbert and 27 others killed in last weekend's coup into a swampy common grave today, and hundreds of Liberians

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threw rocks at the grave before a bulldozer covered the corpses with mud." Political hardball, anyone?

■ Day in and day out, while the heathen rage in the editorials of the *New York Times*, and the simoon howls through the pages of the *Boston Globe*, and the *Chicago Tribune* sinks deeper and deeper into imbecility, and the *Washington Post* inches haltingly toward sanity, and all is desolation in the vast wastes beyond (save a few flickering lights in Washington, in Dallas, in Indianapolis, in Richmond)—day in and day out, the editorial page of one national newspaper expounds common sense, plies relevant distinctions, and makes it unnecessary after all to subscribe to the London *Daily Telegraph*. That newspaper is, of course, the *Wall Street Journal*, one of whose editorialists, Mr. Robert Bartley, has received the Pulitzer Prize in recognition of his craftsmanship. Well done, Pulitzer committee. Well done, Bartley.

■ Dat Ole Trilateral-Council-on-Foreign-Relations-Eastern-Conspiracy has just struck again. This time, it's in the Spring 1980 issue of its principal softo organ, *Foreign Affairs*, the appeasement handbook. True to form, this issue contains feature articles by Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, Milovan Djilas, and William F. Buckley Jr. Trying to cover his tracks, Solzhenitsyn says that "'Russia' is to the Soviet Union as a man is to the disease afflicting him." Well, *they* can't take us in. The editor of *Foreign Affairs*, as everyone knows, is William P. Bundy, one of the infamous Bundy Brothers, a well-known depositor in the Chase Manhattan Bank and a frequent luncher at the River Club. Has he no shame?

■ The 1980 Census is shaping up as a first-rate government enterprise. First, the Census Bureau budgeted more money for this one census than was spent by the first 15 presidential Administrations put together. Then it contracted to have its forms sent out through the government post office. Then it designed the forms so that they wouldn't fit in the government's mail-sorting machines. Then it picked April Fool's Day as census day. Whole towns have been overlooked, but George Bentley, a 14-year-old dog, got his form right on schedule. All in all, we'll guess the final tally may get within ± 30 per cent, which may not seem very good to you, but which certainly compares favorably with government financial accounting.

■ In Washington, long-dormant Mount St. Helens suddenly began acting and sounding like a presidential candidate. Authorities hastily sealed off the area.

Condolences

See them slinking like a hearse.
Hearken to Somoza's curse,
As the Sandinista call
Salvador the next to fall.
With El Salvador in hand,
Watch how Castro's contraband
Helps the Sandinista brag,
"Guatemala's in the bag."
Then it's, On to Mexico!
Does the State Department know?

W. H. VON DREELE

Look East, Khomeini

Four of the nine Soviet army divisions in Afghanistan are assigned to counter-insurgency and policing operations in northern and eastern reaches where Afghani guerrilla resistance continues to make life somewhat dangerous for the invaders and for Babrak Karmal's puppet regime in Kabul. The remaining five divisions are in static positions along Afghanistan's western border, between Harat in the north and Zaranj in the south. These five include the 105th airborne division, which spearheaded the December invasion, and the 5th, 54th, 66th, and 357th motorized rifle divisions—comprising altogether 56,000 troops, 850 tanks, and 1,600 armored personnel carriers. These forces are supplemented by one MiG-21 and one MiG-23 fighter squadron, two SU-20 ground attack squadrons, and sixty M-16 helicopters capable of ferrying tanks, armored personnel carriers, or 75 fully armed combat troops each.

The thrust of this information—brought out of Afghanistan by Anthony Mascarenhas of the London *Sunday Times*, a Goanese-born journalist with exceptional entrée throughout South Asia and wide distinction earned nine years ago by his revelations of genocide in what is now Bangladesh—is important. The bulk of Soviet forces in Afghanistan is deployed as distant from scenes of guerrilla activity as one can get within the confines of that country. Thus for the Soviet Union Afghanistan is implicitly a stepping-stone rather than the primary target. The focus of these forces as a military factor lies beyond Afghanistan. They are positioned for operations into Iran.

In Mascarenhas's interpretation, the underlying purpose of the December invasion, complementing the terrorist seizure of the U.S. Chancery and official American personnel in Teheran, was to take up a favorable position for pre-empting any U.S. military move in the Persian Gulf. The central point of the Soviet force deployment along Iran's eastern border

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is an air base at Shindand—a hundred minutes' flying time from the Strait of Hormuz. The Shindand base was built by the Soviet Union for Afghanistan as a back-up to the main Afghani air facility at Begram, forty miles north of Kabul. Immediately after the Teheran captivity began, Soviet authorities demanded use of the Shindand facilities. Hafizullah Amin, the Soviet-imposed president, said no. Five weeks later, Soviet forces moved in, Amin was killed, and a more obedient servitor was substituted for him. The Soviet Union, according to Mascarenhas, has significantly expanded the base at Shindand since the take-over.

'Mush from the Wimp'

That headline, which appeared by accident a couple of weeks ago over an editorial on Carter's economic policies in the *Boston Globe*, now comes into its own, with the unveiling of his "tough" measures against Iran.

According to the President, the United States has now resolved (nearly half a year after the seizure of fifty of its citizens) to: break off diplomatic relations with Iran; impose economic sanctions; make an inventory of Iranian assets in this country; and start invalidating Iranian visas. The President also urges America's allies to follow suit.

Such a declaration was needed—five months ago. But time passes, and actions which might have had a monitory effect have become merely petulant. Economic and diplomatic intercourse between Iran and America was already nonexistent, and Iranian assets in this country had been frozen since November. The gesture, in other words, was meaningless; bluster for the home folks. The NATO allies, taking Carter's measure, withdrew their diplomats from Teheran for "temporary" consultations, and promised to discuss sanctions at some later date.

NATIONAL REVIEW has, from the beginning of the crisis, noted the tactical and logistical impediments to American action—the impotence accumulated over ten years of relentless de-militarization. It might be well, at this point, to review the psychological impediments.

1. Refusal to treat diplomacy as a means. The United Nations, the World Court, back channels, front channels—all these are fun for connoisseurs, and they can accomplish good work besides, when their use is governed by some national purpose. Possible American purposes in this situation might include: defending the national honor; securing the safety of American diplomats in the future; upholding the standards of international law; showing the flag in the Middle East. The Administration, galvanized by none of these goals, toys compulsively with the mechanisms.

2. Body counts. This obsession of the Vietnam War comes back to haunt us as a second consequence of our lack of purpose. If the United States has nothing in mind, then surely there is nothing worth dying for? Accordingly, all Washington's actions take it for granted that every hostage must come back alive. Since any action that might seriously alarm the Iranians would also probably cause some of the hostages to be killed or wounded, Washington has done—nothing.

3. Willingness to accept the other side at its word. The final result of having no principles is a superstitious reverence for the determination of others. Since Khomeini regularly calls America "Satan," our born-again President assumes that all Iranians would resist with the valor of archangels. Perhaps. Owen Glendower, the Welsh magician in Shakespeare's *Henry IV Part 1*, boasted to his allies that he could call spirits from the vasty deep; yet when it came time to fight, Glendower counted the battalions—and stayed home. Perhaps many an Iranian, now howling in the streets of Teheran with the fervor of ten, would do the same. We shall never know.

The Twelve Per Cent Solution

" 'Enlightened' people," wrote George Orwell, "seldom or never possess a sense of responsibility." In 1974, America's enlightened people wore buttons saying, "Don't blame me, I'm from Massachusetts." This year, their buttons say, "Anderson for President."

Most of the current supporters of an Anderson candidacy will scurry off to Carter come November; yet a core (say, 12 per cent of all votes cast) will remain. These are the same people, give or take a few hundred thousand, who watched with spiteful glee as Humphrey lost to Nixon in 1968; the same people who whooped for McGovern in 1972. Though they are fond of saying how seriously they take their civic duties, they consider it vulgar to win.

Their disdain for politics reflects, in a curious way, their opinions on many issues. Guns and children, whatever else they stand for, symbolize determination: to protect yourself, to perpetuate yourself. Coincidentally (or is it, *hence*?), the enlightened support gun control and abortion. Their economic schemes have the effect of limiting the rewards of labor (so long as their own rewards are not disturbed). Their solution to our environmental problems is for people to go away. Their solution to our foreign problems is for our foreign policy to go away.

John Anderson did not spring from this milieu, and so it is no wonder he has taken so long deciding whether to give himself wholly over to it. As Richard Brookhiser noted in *NR*'s last issue, Anderson's eco-

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nomic impulses are often sensible. He has been a successful politician for 24 years, and a conscientious (if increasingly eccentric) Republican.

But the enlightened have some votes—available votes, anyway; and so he has courted them. John Anderson, meet Twelve Per Cent.

How Go the Hostages?

"I saw fit people, to whom I could talk normally," Harald de Grueneck, representing the International Committee of the Red Cross, said after a visit with the American captives in Teheran. Dr. Bernard Liebeskind, a Swiss physician who accompanied de Grueneck, added a word about having found the captives in "very good physical and mental condition" after almost a half-year of duress.

How can one converse normally with terrorism's victims while the terrorists are standing by? How could a reputable physician come to any such happy conclusion after some sort of interchange with four dozen persons in eight hours—ten minutes at most for each? A psychiatrist true to his professional standards would require at minimum an hour with any such patient before venturing even a tentative view.

What one can say for sure is that the International Committee of the Red Cross bent the rules to mollify the Teheran terrorists. Its standard practice is to insist on seeing a detainee individually at the precise point of confinement before passing any judgment on conditions of detention. The Teheran terrorists said no to those stipulations, so de Grueneck and Liebeskind accommodated. As evidences of good treatment, the ICRC functionaries' opinions in this instance are worth zilch. Even their assurance of having seen "all" the captives lacks "air-tight confirmation," as the *Christian Science Monitor* aptly observed.

Anyway, be careful about laying blame for the travesty. Specifically, the outfit responsible (or irresponsible, if you prefer) is the International Committee of the Red Cross, a group of Geneva gentry founded 117 years ago by Jean Henri Dunant—not to be confused with the people who collect money for disaster relief and run blood banks.

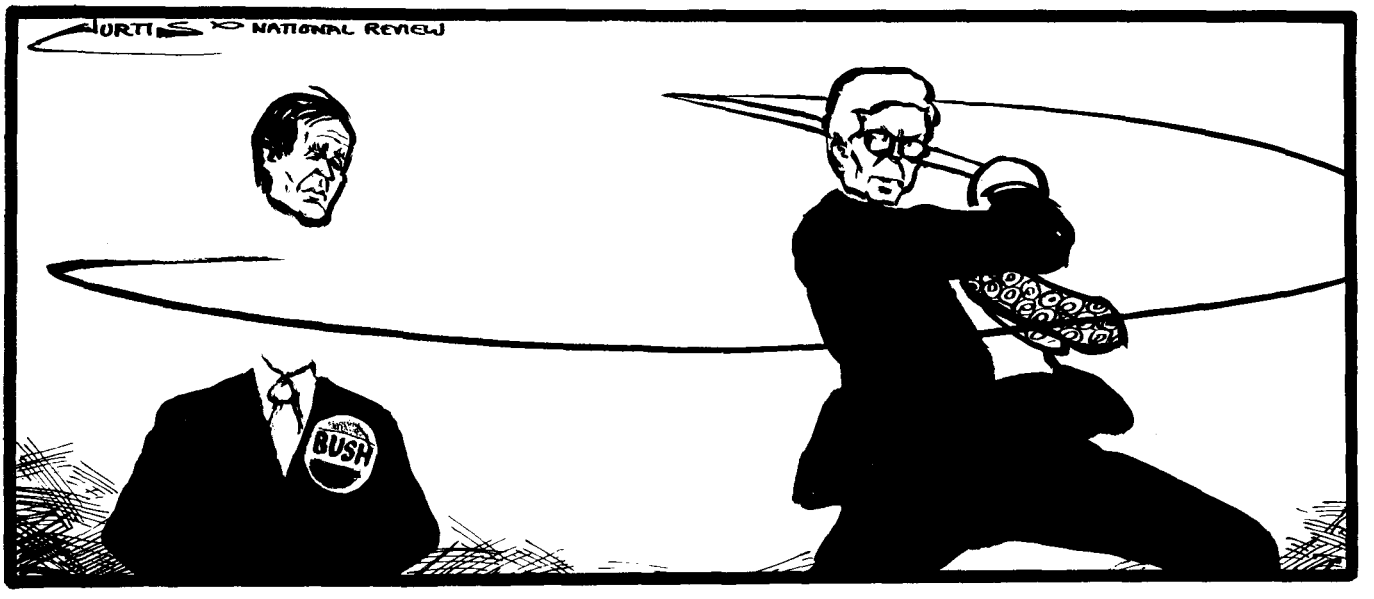
How to account for the bending of principles? The *Monitor* gives a hint: anxiety to deter support for President Carter's entreaties for sanctions against the malefactor country.

Get It Right, Ron

The presidential-primary/general-election process not only selects a candidate and then a winner; it also educates him along the route. As the field narrows down from six, to three, to two, and finally to one, a relentless glare of attention becomes focused upon him. This—and let's not mince words—*hostile* examination tends to create hostile metaphors for supposed vulnerabilities.

Among many recent examples, take the case of Gerald Ford, in the year 1976. In actual fact Ford was the most athletically competent President since Teddy Roosevelt. Ford played football at Michigan and coached it at Yale. In his sixties he still skis at an advanced intermediate level. And yet . . . he bumped his head getting out of Air Force One. He also . . . stumbled. These trivialities became a metaphor for general ineptitude.

To some degree, there is no way for a candidate to fight this kind of thing successfully. Ford could not



"Touché, Reagan!"

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a) declare that he didn't bump his head; or, alternatively, b) announce that he was, in fact, competent. But a candidate can try to limit the damage.

Ronald Reagan is now being sandbagged because of his "inaccuracies." These exist, but they come in different forms.

For example, Reagan famously said that Vietnam veterans do not get the "GI Bill of Rights benefits." Here, he was literally correct. Vietnam veteran benefits are *not* World War II benefits. Reagan was also correct in the political point he was making: that the U.S. Government did *not* lead the nation into full, i.e., World War II-level, support for the Vietnam War. But he seemed to think that there were *no* Vietnam veteran benefits —and, there, he was simply wrong.

Reagan was also wrong on such statements as that the U.S. Occupational Safety and Health Administration (OSHA) has 144 regulations on climbing ladders. He was emotionally and politically right—OSHA is a pain—but factually wrong. OSHA actually has *two* regulations on climbing ladders. And Reagan was wrong, insofar as expert opinion means anything, in his statement that the U.S. could achieve oil independence by 1985. Again, his point was politically correct—pro-deregulation—but incorrect in its factual formulation.

Ronald Reagan is now in the big leagues, and, therefore, he is for the first time, really, coming under searching analysis as not even a potential but, given the quality of the Carter Administration, a prospective President.

In 1980, the media are in a mood to consume everyone, liberal, conservative, or whatnot. For Reagan as well as Carter, the next six months will be like swimming in a piranha pool with a bloody nose. Realism means recognizing that fact. This election is too important a contest to lose through checkable errors of fact.

Reagan has been defusing some of his potential vulnerabilities vis-à-vis Carter: age, warmonger, *simpliste*. He is vigorous, calm of mind, and means to embody a political tendency which now has majority support. The last rock that will be hurled at him is the one labeled "dumb." He needs to avoid creating metaphors for that charge, and therefore it's important, when he makes a statement, to *get it right*.

Dumping Fidel

Back in the 1950s, comedian Bob Newhart used to do a little gem of a routine that went something like this:

Newhart (on the phone, imitating a theatrical agent): "Okay, Mao, I gotcha. Socko. A Chinese ballet company. American tour. Right, Mao. . . .

"Fine, Mao. Best you've got. That's right. . . .

"Right, Mao. I'll handle the bookings. And the hotels, Mao. . . .

"Right, Mao. Oh, by the way, Mao, how many are there? . . .

"What's that, Mao? You say *forty million*, Mao?"

Over the Easter weekend, Fidel Castro must have felt like the theatrical agent portrayed by Newhart—as, figuratively speaking, ten thousand Cubans ran over his chest to seek asylum in the Peruvian embassy. If the Peruvians had, say, ten acres in Havana instead of half an acre, most of the city might have got out.

What happened was that Castro had been feuding with the Peruvians and other Latin American governments which had been granting asylum to escape-minded Cubans. On Good Friday, Castro, evidently in a fit of pique, said, Okay, anyone who wants to leave just get the hell over to the Peruvian embassy. Whereupon, whhoomp, ten thousand Cubans were at the embassy, voting in the only way now possible against the Barbudo's tropical socialism. Not one more human being could be wedged into the place. Babies were thrown over the fence, out of Cuba.

Riff-raff, said the Barbudo. Crooks, homosexuals. And we say: Castro, baby, just set aside ten square miles of your socialist paradise for anyone who wants to leave, and we'll provide regular helicopter service out. And pretty soon you'll be making those three-hour speeches to an audience of—yourself, and a few sycophants.

Olympic Torpedo

Showing, for a change, exemplary resolution, the Carter Administration has succeeded in sending a torpedo into the Moscow Olympics, thereby delivering a solid shock to Soviet prestige and undercutting what had long been planned as a Soviet propaganda bonanza. With the 2 to 1 boycott vote of the U.S. Olympic Committee, other nations are now certain to follow suit; even the Social Democratic West German spine is likely to stiffen. In any event, the U.S. pull-

Leading Indicators

Jane Fonda sneers; Ralph Nader spouts.
Tom Wicker's column's full of doubts.
The *Newsweek* gaggle's running scared.
Dan Rather's turning silver-haired.
From fever swamp to think-tank farm,
The Left is sounding the alarm
As Reagan surges toward the fall
And Carter toward the Wailing Wall.

W. H. von Dreele

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out pretty much scrubs the whole thing as a global media event—as NBC-TV has indicated by, in effect, canceling its $100-million coverage.

In the wake of the USOC vote, the Soviets have embarked upon desperate damage-control measures, pressuring nations near and far to come to Moscow. In reality, however, the Moscow Olympic jig is up, and what takes place in Moscow probably will not differ much from the usual Lenin Games.

NR has long advocated just such an Olympic boycott, and not merely because of the invasion of Afghanistan. Nevertheless, it is difficult to take much more than a certain grim pleasure in the present turn of events. For the American and other Olympic athletes, the decision was a painful one; in some cases years of training will be felt to have been wasted. Then there was the uncomfortable spectacle of the American Government putting severe pressure on the USOC, and through it on the individual athletes, blocking in the name of the national interest the desire of many Americans to compete in Moscow.

But, Afghanistan or no Afghanistan, it would have been entirely inappropriate for the athletes of this free country to play "games" in the land of Gulag and political torture chambers called mental hospitals. It would have been inappropriate for these athletes to let themselves be used, cynically and overtly, for the purposes of Soviet propaganda.

Some, including athletes and officials, will experience understandable bitterness over President Carter's insistence upon this boycott, but Carter is not the correct target for criticism here. The International Olympic Committee never should have awarded the games to Moscow in the first place, given the totalitarian nature of the Soviet regime and its long record of depredations. The fault in this entire affair lies with the international Olympic bureaucracy, Lord Killanin perched fatuous at its summit.

Bill's Will

Newswise, a small item. In his last will and testament, William O. Douglas has bequeathed land in Nova Scotia for the use of scholars from around the world —with the stipulation that preference go to scholars from Iran, Vietnam, China, Russia, and Mongolia.

Mongolia! The very concept of a Mongolian scholar—on sabbatical in Nova Scotia, yet—testifies to the condition of the brain that conceived it. Will the North Korean intelligentsia, so conspicuously snubbed, contest the will?

Senile or not, Douglas has left us an indiscreet posthumous self-revelation. The John Birch Society would hardly have dared accuse him of such a cluster of sympathies. Iran, Vietnam, even China: these were trendy enough by the end of Douglas's life. But who would have guessed he inwardly cleaved to the old-time religion of the Soviet Union and, good heavens, Mongolia?

So Douglas kept to the end the classic progressive faith in the Communist world as the Land of the Future. The great civil libertarian of the recent eulogies had no grudge against totalitarianism as such; indeed he retained his boyish hopes for the monster state. And to think he held the views he babbled into his will all through the days he was shaping Americans' understanding of their Constitution.

Taxing Away Our Power

A watershed event in American history occurred last month. In the name of a special "windfall profits" tax, Congress seized $227 billion in private property from investors in the oil industry. This bill of attainder by the U.S. Government capped a decade that had seen OPEC deprive the U.S. oil industry first of its equity in foreign oil and then of its contractual marketing rights. All this, while the U.S. Government stood by, waiting its turn to sack and plunder the victim. In a "coffin" editorial outlined in a heavy black box, the *Wall Street Journal* labeled the "windfall profits" tax the "most destructive single piece of legislation" since the Smoot-Hawley tariff, which helped throw the world into the Depression. It is beyond belief, said the *Journal*, that Congress should be so maddened by greed for tax revenues that it would help finish off our oil industry just when energy is of paramount economic, political, and military concern.

In testimony before the Senate Energy Committee recently, James R. Schlesinger, former energy czar, Secretary of Defense, and CIA chief, said that "It is the intent of the OPEC nations to squeeze out the major oil companies, to reduce their power"—a goal shared by certain elements in the U.S. Congress. Currently, said Mr. Schlesinger, the oil companies, by virtue of the control they still exercise over oil marketing, serve as a buffer between the Western democracies and OPEC's political use of the oil weapon. OPEC production cutbacks are pro-rated by the companies so that the shortage does not fall entirely upon the country that is OPEC's political target. But, as OPEC cuts back the oil companies' role in marketing and moves to government contracts, the buffer is removed. Each and any OPEC country can then bring political pressure to bear on the government of any consuming nation, including the United States. The spectacle of the U.S. Government working to weaken this buffer and of our allies bypassing the oil companies to deal directly with OPEC evokes the image of lemmings dashing into the sea.

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In a final act of folly, to help OPEC along by bringng back gasoline lines, President Carter imposed vhat he said was an "oil import fee" but what in truth s a tax on the production of gasoline in the United States. The "oil import fee," it turns out, brings with t a new system that requires refiners to pay a fee of en cents a gallon for the right to produce gasoline. The proceeds are used to reimburse importers for the oil import fee they pay the government. Refiners can .void paying a gas tax to the extent that they can witch their production from gasoline to other petroeum products, such as diesel fuel. In other words, the President has given refiners an incentive to produce ess gasoline.

We will be increasingly plundered by foreigners evying what economist Paul Craig Roberts has called 'the weakness tax" until we elect a President who will line up the U.S. Government on the side of American interests.

New York City Rides Again

New Yorkers are self-centered folk, and so they natu-ally believe that all the details of their recent transit strike—runs on bicycle parts, depleted stocks of track shoes, crowds swarming across the Brooklyn Bridge, boatloads of intrepid commuters tacking down the Hudson—have become the table talk of Alaskan prospectors and Kansas agribusinessmen. Two aspects of the New York City transit strike, however, deserve national attention.

The first is the utter recklessness with which public employees break the law. Apparently Americans now accept such strikes as a matter of course, a phenomenon of nature—like Indian summer, or the monsoon. The notion that public employees have no right to strike seems to have died with Calvin Coolidge. New York's Taylor Law, it is true, requires that striking public employees be docked an extra day's pay for every day off the job. The State Supreme Court also fined the Transit Workers' Union $1 million. Yet in the face of these penalties, the union—went ahead and struck anyway. Twenty private buses were vandalized during the strike, and it is generally admitted that the National Guard was not called in to run the subways and buses because further violence would have ensued. Compulsory labor is a necessary corollary of state ownership; if a public service is important enough to compel people to pay taxes to support it, then it is important enough to compel the workers it employs to do their jobs.

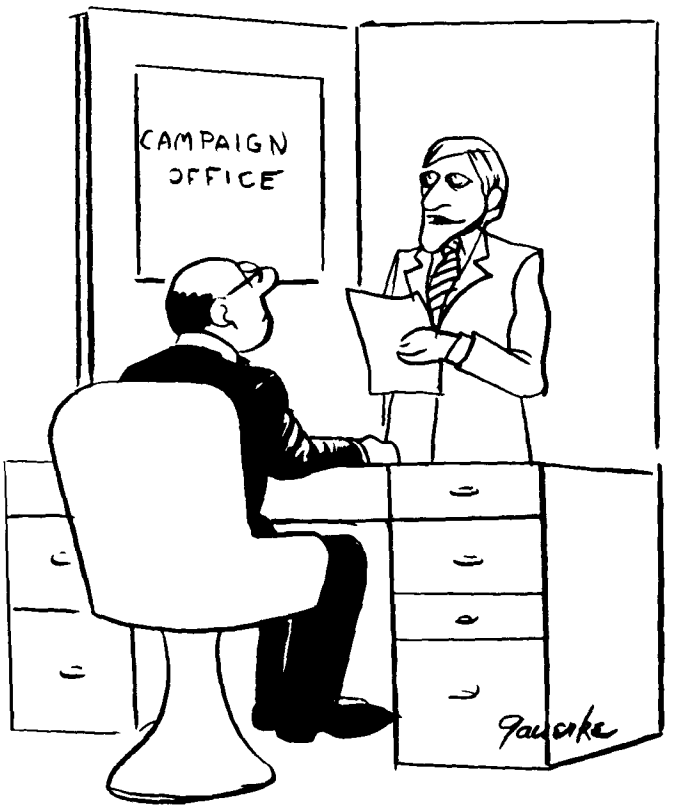
The second question raised by the strike concerns our old friend, the criss-crossing dollar. If salaries rise, then revenues must rise. In an economist's paradise, one raises revenues by raising fares. In New York, one typically turns—to Albany. One picks the pocket, in other words, of Cayuga County apple pickers so Queens commuters may ride contented. This is not to suggest that public workers should be starved; inflation rises, and so must wages. But if the costs were borne, as much as possible, by the people who consume the services, Americans might develop a more realistic idea of what services they want.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I wish to take moderate umbrage at the position expounded by Barbara L. Barnes, of Austin, Texas, in "Notes & Asides" for April 4, 1980.

The notion that intellectual curiosity and cultural sophistication are confined to the northeastern seaboard is both insulting and untrue. It may be expected in a Bostonian but hardly in a Texan.



"Our study reveals that if you must resort to ethnic jokes and slurs, you're safest with the English, Scots, Dutch, Belgians, Scandinavians, Andorrans, Swiss, and those mixtures derived therefrom."

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We, for example, live at the end of nearly four miles of unimproved dirt road. Up until this year we made our own electricity and communicated with "civilization" by radio—and we still drink water from our own wells. And yet, Miss Barnes, we *do* give some thought to the selection of wines, we *do* wonder about the possible rationales of punk rock, and while we can spend no time at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, we know what is in it and we *do* care about what is being done with it.

Moreover, the "snippy, vicious humor" in many of the editorials is a source of rare delight to us who still value discernment, moral courage, and a good joke.

Please let us not all be as provincial as the "East Coast Establishment"! There are hicks in New York and effete snobs in Austin, but the former are not necessarily conservative and the latter are not necessarily liberal. Where we live, Miss Barnes, does *not* determine what we think. Very truly yours,

Jeff Cooper
Paulden, Ariz.

■ February 18, 1980

The Honorable Ronald Reagan
Los Angeles, Calif. 90024

Dear Ron:

You undoubtedly have seen the Haynes Johnson piece in the *Washington Post* for February 4. He makes the following statement: "And Reagan can be capable of flat-out misstatements of facts. Thus, in every address last week he said: 'Arriving in Warsaw in 1977 President Carter got off the plane to announce to a startled satrap who rules that country on behalf of the Soviet Union, "Our concept of human rights is preserved in Poland." What concept of human rights can that be? Would he like to explain that to millions of Polish-Americans who know better . . .'

"Carter never said any such thing."

Haynes Johnson is correct, but he might have been a little bit more cautious. Here is what Carter said on arriving in Poland: namely that Poland was a "partner in a common effort against war and deprivation." That was on September 30, 1977.

But on April 12, 1978, toasting Ceausescu of Rumania, Carter announced that "the people of the United States are honored by having as their guest a great leader of a great country. Our goals are also the same, to have a just system of economics and politics, to let the people of the world share in growth, in peace, in personal freedom." So you have to clean up your act a little bit, but not by much. Warm regards. As ever,

Bill

March 14, 198(

Mr. William F. Buckley Jr.
Editor, National Review
150 East 35th Street
New York, New York 10016

Dear Bill:

Thank you for your letter about the Johnson piece in the *Washington Post*. Now, hoping I won't seem ungrateful, I have a rare opportunity that I seldom, if ever, have had to add to your store of information.

I guess my principal mistake with regard to the President and his statement in Poland was that I made it sound as if he spoke those words upon arriving and getting off the airplane. Bill, he actually did make that statement, but he made it the next day at a luncheon. Our records show that he again made very much the same statement about our concept of human rights being preserved in Poland on a later occasion on the same visit. By later, I mean within 24 hours of the first statement. Anyway, you were good to take this matter up and provide me with the additional information.

I hope you're having a wonderful time there on the ski slopes. If you look up and see something familiar sailing through the air, it is me wafted aloft by the results in South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, and Alabama. I know I won't have that easy a time in Illinois. Anderson seems to have captured even the *Tribune*.

Now, of course, we anxiously await the word from Mount Olympus as to whether there will be a Ford in my future. As I dictate this, he's in Washington talking to a group of congressmen who, from all I learn, are not at all happy about the prospect of his getting in the race. I hope he'll think it over and realize that what he's proposing and the way he's doing it could be very divisive and, once again, the Republicans would be trying to win a convention rather than an election. Best regards,

Ron

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Our Department of State recently urged a bank in the United States to make a loan to a new industrial administrator in Prague, to encourage East-West trade. But the bank refused the loan without explanation. I think it was because it considered the Prague administrator a Czech with insufficient funds.

Giving credit where credit is due, I remain,

Marvin Alisky
Professor of Political Science
Arizona State University
Tempe, Arizona

—WFB

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Babies, Strikes and Compulsory Unionism Don't Mix.

Marlene Swanson, R.N., is a dedicated nurse who takes care of newborn babies, many of them premature, most of them black and Hispanic, and all of them in need, at a community hospital outside Providence, Rhode Island.

When an illegal strike was called, Marlene refused to join it. She crossed the picket line and reported to work because, as she says, "Nurses take the Hippocratic oath too, like doctors. I felt a moral responsibility to those infants."

Angry union officials immediately retaliated. Marlene, along with the other nurses at the hospital, had been forced to join the union to keep her job. This compulsory union membership, union officials claimed, made all nurses subject to fines for any disobedience of their decisions.

They charged Marlene Swanson with violating union by-laws, held a sham "trial," and fined her $250 for taking care of her infant patients during the strike. When Marlene appealed the fine to the union membership, they increased it to $300!

An undaunted Marlene refused to pay the fine, and the union took her to court. At first, she didn't know where to turn for the legal help she urgently needed. After all, she was just one member against the entire Rhode Island State Nurses Association.

Then she remembered reading about William F. Buckley, Jr.'s legal battle against a union, and called his office. She was referred to the National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation, which agreed to provide counsel.

A defense was prepared and presented so effectively that the union suggested the case could be settled out of court if Marlene would give the fine to charity. She flatly refused "because a lot of other nurses were watching to see what happened to me. I could not admit I was guilty of anything."

A judge of the Rhode Island Superior Court emphatically agreed, handing down a directed verdict against the union and for Marlene Swanson. Judge Clifford J. Cawley ruled that state public policy was quite clear that strikes by nurses were illegal, and that it is the "zenith of asininity" to fine anyone for failure to take part in an illegal strike.

The importance of Marlene's victory became quickly apparent. When another illegal strike occurred at the hospital, not just one, but 18 nurses crossed the picket line, putting their patients first and their union second.

Marlene Swanson was fortunate. She received experienced legal help in a case that lasted nearly two years. She would not have won and established an important principle—that nurses cannot be compelled to participate in an illegal strike—without that expert legal assistance.

The National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation is helping everyone it can—currently in more than 100 cases involving illegal union political spending, violations of academic and political freedom, union violence, and other abuses of basic employee rights.

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The Current WISDOM

Waiting For Ronnie

NEAL B. FREEMAN

We liken the mood of your nation's capital to the mood of Greater New York in November of 1970. In that dark hour for the Republic, a moment of electoral aberration in which James Lane (Fangs) Buckley was elected to the United States Senate, the suburban daily *Newsday* epitomized the icy fear that gripped the metropolis. "It crept in during the night . . ." began *Newsday*'s day-after election report. The story went on in a prose style usually reserved for promoting drive-in movies. To *Newsday*'s half-million readers, mild-mannered Jim Buckley became The Creature That Ate New York.

We were reminded of this great moment in journalism by recent coverage of the Reagan campaign. It has changed, we note, from casual disdain to agitated concern, from a smirk to a growl. The Reagan campaign, just another road show a few months ago, has become The Problem That Won't Go Away. The premonition has crept into Chevy Chase that Ronald Reagan just might be our next President.

As the chimerical candidacies of Ted Kennedy and John Anderson drift off into the media ether, the stark reality obtrudes. Hear Joe Kraft stammering the godawful truth: "The depressing prospect of having to choose between Jimmy Carter and Ronald Reagan this fall forces a Job-like question. Why? Oh Lord, why?" Poor Joe. Having endorsed the two-party system and ruled Jimmy Carter unacceptable, Joe is scraping the bottom of his option barrel. It may be time to scramble for the rhetorical lifeboats, men.

A third-party effort by John Anderson provides a way-station, of course, for those who *simply refuse to believe* that Ronald Reagan can be elected. Some will stick with Anderson, no doubt, as the only acceptable candidate in this year's thicket of Job-like questions. But as his poll ratings start to slump, as he is disqualified from the ballot in major states, and as he reveals the petulant side of his personality, his support will disappear: the cry of "all the way with JBA" will echo down the empty streets of Madison, Wisconsin. Thus the central question of the 1980 campaign: How to deal with Reagan?

One response, peeking up here and there, is the hint that Reagan isn't what he seems; that he may be, in fact, something of a closet liberal. This hint has surfaced in Ellen Goodman's syndicated column and, at the other end of the spectrum, in *Human Events*. Mrs. Goodman reminds us that Governor Reagan signed a "liberal" abortion law, that he once supported the ERA, and that he signed 66 bills "supported and/or initiated by the California State Commission on the Status of Women." Dream on, sister. For its part, *Human Events* has launched a pre-emptive strike against Reagan's logical choice for Vice President, Howard Baker; the Tennesseean is so liberal that his selection would amount to a "betrayal" of conservatives, says the Washington weekly. Shades of 1964. If Reagan can't reach out as far as Howard Baker, a man smack dab in the middle of a deeply conservative GOP Senate caucus, now comes (Bill) Miller time.

Another response, more widely evident, is a redoubled effort to cut Reagan down before his campaign gathers undeniable momentum. This faction of the press has no love for Jimmy Carter, but it answers the call to the Higher Pragmatism. Consider Stephen Rosenfeld, who covers foreign affairs for the *Washington Post*. 'Way back in 1976, Rosenfeld perceived in candidate Carter the virtues of fresh perspective and the gritty experience of executive office. The "outsider" could make contributions of great value to the incestuous community of foreign-policy experts. By 1980, with admirable candor, as they say, Rosenfeld tells his readers that he now sees things differently. What is clearly needed is an incumbent's savvy.

Rosenfeld is clearing the decks in preparation for what, we guess, will b a sustained attack on Reagan's inex perience in foreign affairs. Already mov ing to the offensive is Lou Cannon, th *Post*'s political reporter, a California who, it is hoped, cannot be accused c regional bias. Cannon has no patienc with the cliché arguments about Rea gan's age or ideological extremism. H has traveled with Reagan's campaig often enough to know that the candi date runs men half his age into th ground. And he was close enough t Reagan during his years in Sacrament to know that the former governor is moderate, fair-minded man. The charge of kookery will not stick, however of ten they may be re-applied. Cannon has instead, minted a new argument agains a Reagan Presidency—the man is no too old, he's not too right-wing, he' too *dumb*.

Cannon's line has already been picked up elsewhere—*The New Yorker* maga zine and CBS News have played varia tions on the theme. Over the nex month we can say with some assurance that it will pop up *passim*, tracing the influence lines of the media system with all the precision of a barium test. The line will spread for two reasons. First because it's a line with which the bes and the brightest are utterly comfort able. It plays directly to the presump tion of the Eastern elite about an ex actor from California. And second, the line will spread because it is so difficult to rebut. (One remembers poor Senator Scott of Virginia. He was named by *New Times* as the dumbest member of the U.S. Congress. When he held a press conference to deny the charge, he appeared to confirm the estimate.)

It's been an interesting year already. The idea of a Reagan candidacy was plainly meant to frighten us. Back in January, it was because he was too old —Do we want William Henry Harrison's finger on the button? Then in February, it was because he was too docile—Do we want John Sears's finger on the button? By March the real threat was Reagan's extremism—Do we want J. R. Ewing's finger on the button? Now, come spring, we're told that he just doesn't have the smarts—Do we want Chauncey Gardiner's finger on the button?

Ronald Reagan, clearly the smartest of this year's candidate crop, has 'em just about where he wants 'em. □

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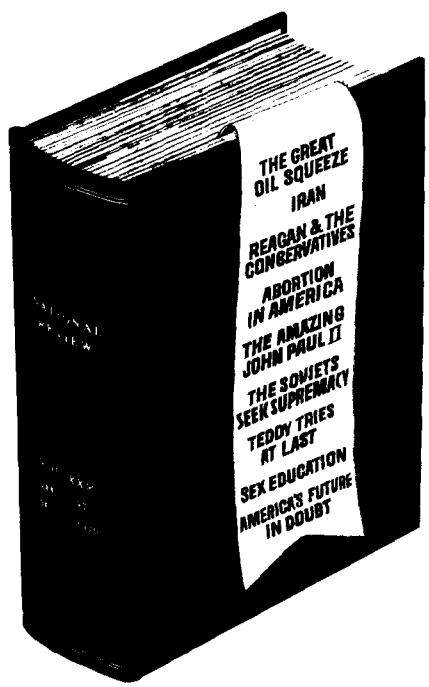

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Maghrebin Tensions

The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

TO GIVE PRAISE where praise is due, one of the more sensible things the Carter Administration did last year in international affairs was to triple its military aid to Morocco (from $15 million to $45 million). The Administration would be wiser still to embrace unconditionally Morocco's cause in its continuing conflicts with its neighbors.

From time to time I think it important to write a column on the unstated assumptions of other commentators of all kinds. (And no doubt they will do the same to me.) One of the more generalized assumptions, I find, is that monarchies, especially feudal ones, are bad, and republics necessarily better. In the case of Morocco and its neighbors, the reverse is true. There is a parallel assumption that might as well be mentioned now: that because Morocco is a monarchy and so was Iran under the Shah, Morocco's king is heading for a fall. This could be a classic case of the fallacious syllogism.

King Hassan II is both a traditional Islamic sovereign and a twentieth century man. The Shah (whom I admired in various respects) was the latter but not the former, and therein lay one of the causes of his overthrow.

From highly commendable motives, the Shah launched his sprawling empire on a break-neck course of industrialization. In so doing, he raised the standard of living (even of many poor people) very rapidly. But he also produced raging inflation, an unlivable capital city, and a denuded and impoverished countryside. Agriculture was seriously damaged, and discontents accumulated.

His Own Ayatollah

Hassan II was lucky to inherit a country that had been a flourishing protectorate of the French (who did a pretty good job of enlightened colonization, by the way: disproving yet another popular assumption, about colonialism). Favoring private enterprise, but disinclined to force the pace, he allowed the economy to develop naturally, and gave special attention to agriculture—so that today Morocco to a large extent feeds its hostile neighbor, Algeria, where agriculture has gone the way of collectivist farming systems elsewhere.

Another important difference between Morocco and Iran concerns religion. The Shah antagonized the mullahs, in part by appropriating and redistributing their lands. The Moroccan king is, however, his own Ayatollah: Commander of the Faithful and descendant of the Prophet, he fears no Khomeini screaming hate in exile.

What else? Well, having survived nasty attempted coups in 1970 and 1972 (the latter perilously near success), Hassan II executed the ringleaders and undertook (minimal) repressive measures. Then he took the bold decision of inviting the political parties to share in the running of the country. This invitation included the aging Socialist leader, Bouabid, and even the small Communist Party, which goes by the fancy name of Party of the Socialist Vanguard in Morocco. He set up a National Security Council, along American lines, which includes even Vanguard.

He also hit upon a great emotive cause with which to rally the nation behind him—the acquisition of the then Spanish Sahara. He caught the world's imagination (and astonished the dying Franco and his subjects) by organizing a peaceful march into Spanish territory, the "Green March," it was called. The country was behind him then, and the annual celebration of the Green March continues to rouse popular fervor.

Since those heady days of 1974 and 1975, however, the Saharan victory has turned sour because of rival claims to the area. The principal challenge comes from a guerrilla group calling itself Polisario, which is backed openly by Algeria and more quietly by the unpredictable Colonel Qaddafi of Libya.

Needless to say, the Soviets are very interested in these goings-on, and have grasped the strategic importance of the situation. If Algeria's surrogates drive the Moroccans out, Algeria would cut north Africa in twain and would gain access to two seas.

At this point, the story gets unexpectedly complicated. Although the Moroccans have good reasons to suspect that they are on the Soviets' hit list, Morocco's state-to-state relations with the USSR are very good: Russia badly needs Moroccan phosphates and pays good prices for them.

There is no direct evidence, so far as I know, of Soviet control over Polisario. However, the Moscow-line Algerian Communists, who also call themselves the Party of the Socialist Vanguard have infiltrated the Algerian decision-making process. Paradoxically, the Algerian Vanguard is banned, whereas the Moroccan Vanguard is not.

Then again, there is the matter of Libyan support. Libya has diplomatic relations with Morocco (unlike Algeria) but, as everybody knows, Qaddafi has dreams of grandeur and simply cannot resist the temptation to interfere wherever there is violence. Polisario and the Sahara will do, and the guerrillas know they need never run short of funds, so long as Qaddafi is around.

Why the Tanks?

In addition, Libya is on the receiving end of the biggest arms deal in history. Soviet tanks and aircraft sit in Qaddafi's desert—far more of them than the tiny Libyan armed forces can ever hope to use. So why are the arms there? To flatter the revolutionary leader? Or (more likely) as a stockpile against the day when the Russians decide that they can safely pull off an Afghanistan north and south of the Sahara?

In his own protracted struggle, the Moroccan king may well judge that he has time on his side, if he has the patience to sit it out and resist (as he has been doing) the pressure of the hotheads who would like his army to invade Algeria and settle Polisario's hash for good and all.

He may well be right. Qaddafi, for all his oil riches and easy successes, strikes me as a much weaker bet for survival than Hassan (if these do not prove to be famous last words). As for collectivist Algeria, if you look closely, it is just perceptibly changing. The late President, Boumédienne, was a fanatic. His successor, Chadli, is a sensible, moderate bourgeois, who doesn't particularly like either Polisario or the cause of the Sahara nomads. Give him time, and Algeria could move away from violence, and even away from "socialism." Meanwhile, U.S. public policy would be well served by a whole-hearted commitment to Morocco. □

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RICHARD L. WALKER

What We Should Know About CHINA

IN THAT CONTROVERSIAL 1978 Harvard graduation address, Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn presented a thesis which, although it is not so frequently remarked upon, is probably accepted by many scholars today. In fact, *The New Yorker* quoted it, early last year, as perhaps offering a clue to the events in Iran.

The Nobel Prize-winning novelist had observed: "Every ancient and deeply rooted self-contained culture, especially if it is spread over a wide part of the earth's surface, constitutes a self-contained world, full of riddles and surprises to Western thinking." He lamented the persistent belief that such areas as Russia, China, India, or the Moslem world would somehow follow the Western path toward modernization:

> The blindness of superiority continues to support the belief that all the vast regions of our planet should develop and mature to the level of contemporary Western systems, the best in theory and the most attractive in practice; that all these other worlds are but temporarily prevented (by wicked leaders or by severe crises or by their own barbarity and incomprehension) from pursuing Western pluralistic democracy and adopting the Western way of life. Countries are judged on the basis of their progress in this direction. But in fact such a conception developed out of Western incomprehension of the essence of other worlds, the result of mistakenly measuring them all with a Western yardstick.

While the eponymous magazine from America's largest city, which enlivens my travels with its humor and its comments on the current scene, used this as a lead-in for an explanation of why we failed to understand events in Iran in 1978 and 1979, it appears to me an equally good starting-point for exploring some aspects of today's seeming re-engagement of China with the Western world. Many equally misleading failures of conception have resulted from the dramatic change in Chinese policies.

The post-Gang of Four leadership (some Chinese would now include Mao Tse-tung himself and refer to the Gang of Five; in either case we can use the acronym GOF), with its pledges of modernization, has evoked fervent hopes that the Middle Kingdom will now take a pluralistic Western approach to politics and society. Wall-posters in Peking are interpreted as the equivalent of an American town meeting. The visit to the U.S. by Vice Premier Deng Xiaoping had many Americans believing that China could soon be a land of Coca-Cola, Big Macs, coffee breaks, and new deodorants—all, of course, to be accompanied by a new wide-ranging openness of Chinese society to the outside world.

But the leaders who would now have more contact with the inscrutable Occidentals are still Chinese. They will still think and conceptualize in a language which itself gives them different visual and temporal perspectives. The manner in which they expect to carry through the current policies of the "four modernizations," their expectations, and their interrelations with the outside world will be handled in Chinese terms—and this will from the outset preclude the incorporation of many of those aspects of modernization which Westerners assume to be essential. It will also mean that Chinese approaches to foreign policy are almost certain to be different from what Westerners expect.

HISTORICALLY, the Chinese have come at the world with different intellectual baggage. As Frederick W. Mote has pointed out in his very perceptive small book *Intellectual Foundations of China*, the penchant of Westerners for inserting elements of their own culture into their understanding of others "can nowhere be better illustrated than by noting the Western failure to understand the basic nature of the Chinese world view." He points out, for example, that modern Europeans and Americans have tended to attribute to all peoples the assumption that the cosmos and mankind are products of an external creator. "Assuming the fundamental analogy as a fact, Westerners in translating Chinese texts have simply relied on falsely analogous expressions from our culture and read them mechanically into the Chinese texts, perhaps satisfying themselves with the 'sense' that they make in the way they echo our Western predilections." But the Chinese have no creation myths (although over the course of time they developed some to

Mr. Walker is director of the Institute of International Studies of the University of South Carolina.

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lease outsiders with whom they apparently wished to preserve harmonious relations).

From their view of the cosmos down to the present-day ealities of incidents along their borders, Chinese experince has all gone toward shaping a particular intellectual nd behavioral pattern for dealing with the world. It oranizes human behavior and relations with non-Chinese eoples according to an entirely different set of priorities nd weights. Thus, while there is clearly a duality in Chiese policies today—in that the leaders are Marxist-Leninsts and the purveyors of a twentieth century revolutionary radition, and at the same time the inheritors of a long dyastic tradition—the style and language of that duality re going to remain Chinese, and Western terms are frequently inadequate to convey the intellectual roots upon which Chinese Communist leaders may be basing their actions.

The parallels between some of the behavior patterns of oday's men in Peking and those of their imperial predeessors have already become standard grist for lectures by Sinologists, many of whom are better qualified to interret the subtleties of poetry than the realities of foreign elations. It is only too easy to find the antecedents for the reatment of President Nixon and Dr. Kissinger in accounts of earlier missions to the court during the Manchu Dynasty (1644 to 1911). The mission of Lord Macartney it the end of the eighteenth century and the resultant letter from the Manchu Ch'ien-lung Emperor to King George III have been discussed and excerpted in practically every college history text—that is, if China is dealt with much

As in dynastic times, the leaders of the People's Republic of China seldom travel abroad. It is the duty of filial children, after all, to call upon the father

at all. It is possible to gloss many parts of this letter to the British sovereign in terms of the Nixon-Kissinger overtures. For example:

> In consideration of the fact that your Ambassador and his deputy [Henry Kissinger and party] have come a long way with your memorial [a message from Nixon] and tribute [Steuben glass], I have shown them high favor [lodged them at the official Guest House] and allowed them to be introduced into my presence [they even had a visit with Mao at his residence at Chung Nan Hai in the Forbidden City]. To manifest my indulgence, I have entertained them at a banquet [a special dinner at the Great Hall of the People hosted by Chou En-lai] and made them numerous gifts [including two cuddly pandas for the Washington zoo].

And this remains the typical style of handling visitors in today's Marxist-Leninist state. Like the last Dutch Embassy to the court at Peking before the modern era (1794-95), I myself waited with a group of colleagues in our rooms in the Peking Hotel until the summons came for a meeting with a "very high-ranking official." We were escorted in a state verging on "awe" for a personal meeting with Vice Premier Deng Xiaoping. Secrecy, unexplained decisions, an aura of cultivated mystery, strict supervision over the foreign guest, the accent of politeness and ceremony, incredible hospitality, attention to details of comfort, and, above all, good food: such are the hallmarks of the Chinese approach to foreign guests, and to foreign relations when carried out in China. These are items which have proven remarkably successful in enabling the Chinese to win their points and gain significant concessions at little cost, as Henry Kissinger's *White House Years* and the Carter normalization negotiations attest.

Another aspect of this traditional Chinese approach to the outside world and China's place therein was presented by that most astute of all present-day China watchers, the Hungarian Jesuit L. Le Dany, in his weekly analysis (*China News Analysis*, June 14, 1974):

> . . . many other countries, Japan or India, to mention only two Asian countries, are no less important. Yet no myths attach to modern Japan or modern India. . . . This is now the distinction of China alone. . . . contemporary successors of ancient glory have created a sense of mystery enveloping the whole country. To enter China is an event; to have a talk with a high official is a privilege—one not granted to the ambassadors residing in Peking—to be admitted to the intimacy of the inner Sanctum is the treasured good fortune of a chosen few. This projection of an image of unique grandeur has been highly successful. China today is the land of myths of unique achievements . . .

As a part of its unique sense of grandeur, history, and destiny, China continues to view and judge the world in its own terms. This intense version of ethnocentrism has given rise to the term Sinocentrism, which I take to be an exaggerated expression of the former. For a civilization like China—and it is a civilization, a way of life, and not a modern nation-state—many factors converge to make its own way of doing things more a measure and standard for judgment than is the case for most nations. These factors include, for example, the distinctive and graphic written language of the Middle Kingdom, which carries its own historical memory; the millennia of setting the pattern for neighboring peoples; intense concentration on fixed, ceremonial patterns of behavior; and an authoritarian tradition of rule by a learned elite who were expected to pass judgment on all manner of subjects, personal and intellectual. For the Chinese, therefore, introspection finds its full measure of expression in foreign-policy behavior.

Scholars in the field of comparative civilization and the interaction of the great civilizations have found the intensity of the Chinese superiority complex worthy of comment. As John K. Fairbank has noted, "Students of other cultures can, of course, chip away at this thesis of Sinocentrism by citing similar aspects of 'centrism' elsewhere in history, but they cannot point to any of comparable magnitude. The tradition of Chinese superiority has now been hyperactivated, both by a new consciousness of the past century's humiliations and by the peptic euphoria of revolutionary leadership."

China's intense concentration on the only entity which is truly worthy of study and of elevation to the status of a model for all, namely *China*, has resulted in a world view and a pattern of interaction with other peoples that remain distinctly Chinese. Relations with peoples outside of China have been expected to reflect the power, order, and morality within China. Thus the Chinese paid first at-

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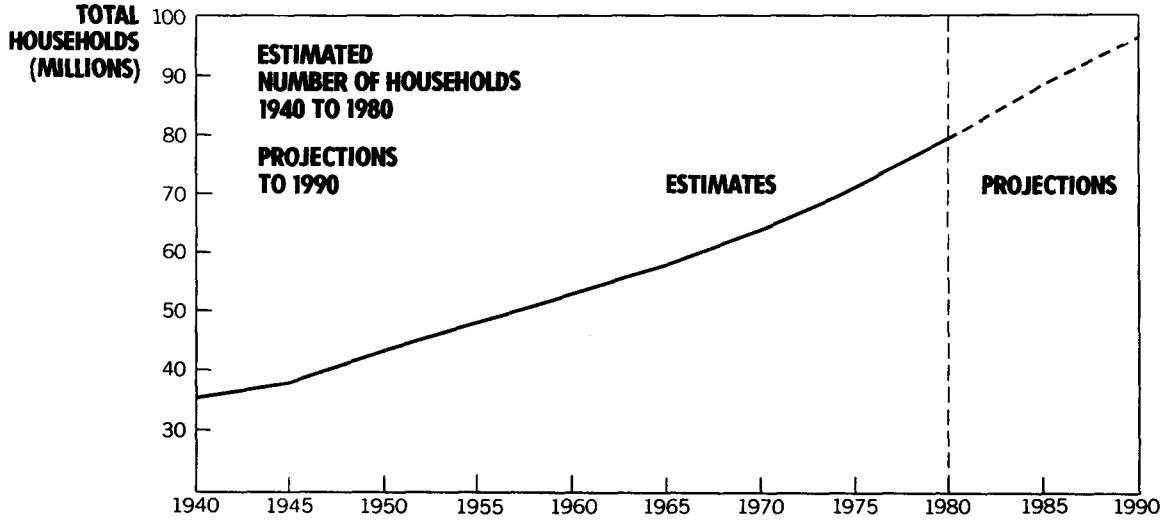

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tention to making their system a model which would ensure the proper respect and deference from their neighbors. The family of nations in East Asia was not the family of equal nations known in Western international relations. The family was authoritarian, with China the paterfamilias. And the Chinese expected the world (*t'ien-hsia*) to reflect the degree of virtue and harmony achieved and displayed by the head of the family. Hence the Chinese expression *nei-luan wai-huan*—disorder inside, calamity outside—reflecting the Chinese conviction that if rule in the Middle Kingdom had the virtue (*te*) and firmness which a good father could provide for the family, there would be little need to be concerned about the rude peoples beyond the pale; they would eventually follow dutifully, like good children, the Chinese lead.

This traditional Chinese view of the family of nations remains an important source for Peking's international behavior. As in dynastic times, the leaders of the PRC seldom travel abroad. It is the duty of filial children, after all, to call upon the father. Mao Tse-tung only traveled abroad twice, in 1950 and 1957—and both times it was to the Soviet Union, when the Soviets were regarded as the legitimate head of the Communist family of nations. In this respect Hua Guofeng's travels in Europe have indeed been precedent-shattering. As the other side of the same coin, Chinese incursions into Vietnam last year reflect a past pattern, in which the Chinese have felt it necessary to "punish" (and that is the word they used) errant children in the immediate family. As the great Manchu emperors were wont to say, "The great Emperor, sovereign over all under heaven, looks upon Chinese and outsiders with the same benevolence; those who obey he soothes, those who rebel, he chastizes."

THE GOAL of international relations for the Chinese empire was harmony (*ho*) of the same order sought in interpersonal relations. That harmony could only be achieved when Chinese suasion was accepted by all who came into contact with China. Even the most intense of modern nationalists have felt that the restoration of dignity, power, prestige, and a rightful role of leadership, at least in the Sinitic area, would depend upon traditional values which could support the "Great Harmony." That ardent revolutionary and nationalist Sun Yat-sen held this view:

> China had one more splendid virtue—love of Harmony and Peace. . . . The intense love of peace which the Chinese have had these thousands of years has been a natural disposition. In individual relationships great stress has been laid upon "humility and deference." . . . China's ancient virtues of Loyalty, Filial Devotion, Kindness, Love, Faithfulness, and such are in their very nature superior to foreign virtues, but in the moral quality of Peace we will further surpass the people of other lands. This special characteristic is the spirit of our nation and we must not only cherish it but cause it to shine with great luster; then our national standing will be restored.

Because of a unique sense of time, in which the Chinese family was expected to continue through generations like a human family, the Chinese did not necessarily have an apocalyptic view of periods of "Great Disorder," either when the current dynasty seemed about to crumble or when, and usually at the same time, events or invaders around the borders threatened the Middle Kingdom. China had a pattern of thought whose nearest Occidental equivalent is the view expressed by the World War II song, "There'll Always Be an England." This can be termed the "China's still there" or *hai-yu-Chung-kuo* (literally, still have China) pattern. The Chinese have observed the rise and fall of Rome, the Byzantine Empire, the Ottoman Empire, the British Empire, and, they say, the American Empire, and after remarking the fall of each they note that "China's still there."

THE "China's still there" syndrome helps us to understand why Mao Tse-tung could treat the prospect of a nuclear war in so cavalier a fashion—a treatment which dumbfounded both Nehru and Khrushchev—and how Chinese Marxists could opine that on the ashes of "Imperialism," after a Soviet-American thermonuclear exchange, a more beautiful socialist society would be built. There had been in the Chinese past, for example, the devastation and agony, at least initially, of a century of Mongol rule, but the following passage from an early proclamation of the first emperor of the new Chinese Ming Dynasty proved to be accurate:

> From ancient times, since our Emperors governed the whole world, the Chinese formed the central power within to govern the barbarians, while the outside barbarians submitted to the rule of the Chinese. We have never heard of the barbarians that gained a footing in China and governed the whole world. . . . It is an old saying that the sovereignty of the barbarians never outlived a hundred years. If tested by the present affairs of the world, the saying is only too true. At this auspicious time, the heavenly wheel of Fortune turns in our favor, and the whole of China is reviving with vigor. Among the millions of our countrymen, there would surely appear a mighty sage, who would restore China to her former grandeur, set firmly moral restraints, and save the people from destruction.

The Chinese time frame, which now has incorporated

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into it the Marxist schema of the successive epochs of production, indeed provides the Chinese with a different view of world events. When Deng Xiaoping assured American correspondents that China could wait for a century for the reunification of Taiwan with the Mainland he was speaking in a genuinely Chinese manner. When the same diminutive Vice Premier addressed the Special Session of the UN General Assembly on April 10, 1974, right before his second purging by Mao, he was expressing a Chinese temporal perspective and a view of order and disorder which, although strictly Marxist-Leninist in tone, had a

It should be manifestly clear that the Chinese will set their own pace, in terms of both the timetable and the dimensions, for their re-engagement with the West

clear resonance with the proclamation of the first Ming emperor quoted above:

> At present, the international situation is most favorable to the developing countries and the peoples of the world. More and more, the old order based on colonialism, imperialism, and hegemonism is being undermined and shaken to its foundations. International relations are changing drastically. The whole world is in turbulence and unrest. The situation is one of "great disorder under heaven," as we Chinese put it. This "disorder" is a manifestation of the sharpening of all the basic contradictions in the contemporary world. It is accelerating the disintegration and decline of the decadent reactionary forces and stimulating the awakening and growth of the new emerging forces of the people.

It is because of this time frame, which enables the Chinese to think in terms of cycles or epochs, generations or centuries, that the late Ambassador Kenneth T. Young, who spent more long hours negotiating with Chinese Communist diplomats before the 1970s than any other American, warned in an important book, *Negotiating with the Chinese Communists*, of the difficulties ahead for the United States in its dealings with Peking:

> Aged in different histories and cultures, the negotiating styles of the Americans and Chinese Communists operate on utterly different conceptions of time. The Americans hurry, while the Chinese Communists wait. They contemplate historical cycles; the Americans watch the clock. The man from Washington thus consumes time; the man from Peking uses it. The Maoist negotiating style spans time but does not measure it the way Americans do, because the Maoist sense of invincibility is timeless—the Chinese believe the struggle over "imperialism" will extend through a long period of history before achieving victory.
>
> . . . Being Chinese and Marxist-Leninist simultaneously, the Chinese Communist negotiator implicitly believes that time and victory are on his side. While the historical process may be nudged along, it does not need to be hurried, should that be disadvantageous. . . . In operating in this framework, patience, durability, and imperturbability have epitomized Chinese Communist negotiators. Coupled with their sense of time and propensity for patience is their complete discipline in painstaking planning for any negotiation, no matter how trivial the detail or implausible the purpose. They leave nothing to chance. They come with a paper and a reference for everything.

Small wonder that Leonard Woodcock, a United Auto Workers negotiator, who had always worked within the American hurry-up time frame, was no match for the men in Peking when as U.S. envoy in 1978 he negotiated the "normalization" agreement. So hurried was the process, he even permitted the Chinese to provide the official translation of the joint statement read by President Carter and Premier Hua Guofeng. The PRC leaders must also have found felicitous the appointment by the Carter Administration of an impatient young amateur, Richard Holbrooke, as Assistant Secretary of State to deal with their area of the world. And the problem was not only with the Administration's official appointments. So anxious was the White House for a China breakthrough in December 1978 that consultation with State Department professionals or others with a certain depth of experience in dealing with the men in Peking was excluded. Thus many of the misgivings expressed in Kenneth T. Young's book were borne out. In the normalization of relations with the PRC, as has been the case before in our dealings with China, the deal was one-sided. As George Bush, who had been head of the U.S. Liaison Office in Peking before Woodcock, commented a few days after Carter's sudden announcement of normalization, "We have given all and gained nothing."

OTHER aspects of the Chinese cultural tradition also influence foreign policy today. Many may be subsumed under the heading of *style*. Even today, Chinese leaders persist in a punctilious attention to hospitality, good manners, and ceremony; they set inordinate store by these items and expect them to pay off. Such items therefore, and not surprisingly, figure in Peking's long-range power assessments. For this reason the visit to China by a head of state may count more in their calculations than a new weapons system.

Through ceremony and the mixing of official with nonofficial diplomacy, the men in Peking have been masterly in making China a center of world attention, gaining a usually favorable press and making the PRC's views known throughout the world. A striking example of this is the manner in which American academics joined in praising China's "creativity" during the Cultural Revolution. Or perhaps we should mention Peking's success in gaining acceptance as a spokesman for Third World countries.

The ceremony which attends the visits of many foreigners to China is a part of the linking of internal and external policies, for Peking uses this as evidence of the acceptance and legitimacy of the current regime and the deference paid to it by the "outside barbarians." However, such visits, replete with guided tours, group pictures with top Chinese leaders, cultural displays, and glimpses into the glories of a timeless past, may be less ideological than some of us have assumed. In China, culture has long been an essential ingredient in politics. Not surprisingly, therefore, the Chinese have expended tremendous effort and paid what seems to us inordinate attention to the cultural dimensions of

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international relations. This was true of the Nationalist government from 1927 through 1949 and beyond, but the PRC has intensified efforts along these lines far beyond anything the Nationalists ever attempted.

Peking obviously believes in the long-range value of cultural diplomacy. And I should stress here the importance of distinguishing between "cultural diplomacy" and mere "cultural relations." Peking now makes use of exchanges of information, ideas, art, sports, etc. in pursuit of its foreign policies. Activities which in pluralistic open societies are not a matter of state concern are regarded by Peking as an essential state-directed arm of foreign policy. The U.S. carries on a program of cultural relations; for the PRC it is always cultural diplomacy.

In its emphasis on cultural diplomacy over the past three decades, Peking has drawn on techniques borrowed from the Soviet Union during the heyday of the Sino-Soviet alliance to reinforce its own dynastic traditions. Many of the organizations and institutional patterns for Peking's cultural diplomacy, including the key coordinating body, the official Chinese People's Association for Friendship with Foreign Countries, are modeled after those of Stalin's Russia. The PRC's propaganda handouts, such as *China Pictorial* or *China Reconstructs*, still have the look of being "Made in USSR." As in the Soviet Union, an important dimension of China's cultural diplomacy is the attention it gives to the mass media and its efforts to manipulate—by the skillful handling of visas, for instance—foreign reporting about the PRC.

While China's emphasis on the cultural component of its policies draws on the tradition of "Great Harmony," with the traditional expectation that the outside world will come to sing a Chinese tune, early Soviet guidance helped Peking to develop more centralized direction and organization. The combination has made the Chinese use of guided tours, showplace communes, banquets, parades, gifts, ceremonies, and briefings doubly effective. However, as compared with some of the more frenetic moments of the Great Leap (1958-60) and the Cultural Revolution (1966-69)—and even then Peking's cultural diplomacy was well conceived—the Chinese seem now to have softened the elements of ruthlessness and rigor borrowed from the USSR. For its new opening to the West, and particularly the United States, the PRC has a sophisticated and formidable dimension in its foreign policy, one which uses most effectively the civility of the traditional past.

Peking's approach to its world relations in the fourth decade of Communist rule, therefore, means that those who negotiate with the PRC are faced with a formidable and skilled adversary—and the PRC's doctrine and pronouncements allow no doubt that an adversary relationship continues with those who reject the Chinese interpretation of "Great Harmony." Cultural patterns *do* persist. Through the centuries the Chinese have shown a prodigious capacity to outwait and outwit the outsiders. They are unlikely to change this pattern. If there are lessons to be learned from the Chinese past—and I would insist that there are—it should be manifestly clear that the Chinese will set their own pace, in terms of both the timetable and the dimensions, for the re-engagement with the West. The patterns of behavior will remain Chinese, and the internal considerations of politics within the Middle Kingdom will get overwhelming priority.

THERE are clear implications in all of this for the United States, an especially impatient suitor to China, which will become crucial in the period of more intensive relations before us. First, we shall have far less impact on Chinese behavior and institutions than our human-rights idealists hope. Second, if we push too hard and too fast with too many people in order to make China's modernization follow a Western pattern, we could push the Middle Kingdom into a period of "Great Disorder." China's Boxer Rebellion at the turn of the century was an example of cultural indigestion and xenophobia analogous to recent events in Iran. An infusion of too much of the West could result in an even more tragic paroxysm in the Middle Kingdom some years down the road. Part of the tragedy could be that such a "Great Disorder" will be handled with greater long-range equanimity and ability by the Chinese than by ourselves.

Third, China is not the field for impatient amateurs. Diplomatic professionals who have long experience in the Sinitic world, and are not pressured for instant political fixes, can be most effective in sustaining American policies in our dealings with Peking. Fourth, over the centuries the Chinese have shown fraternal respect for those who have stuck to their principles with dignity. They have displayed a master's contempt toward outsiders whom they have been able to flatter into one-sided concessions. Our relations with the PRC will be much smoother if we understand that they expect to match a *quid* for our *quo*.

Finally, the international-relations game with China cannot be run as a popularity contest. The interests of the Middle Kingdom are long-range and hardly likely to be influenced by evanescent swings of popular opinion either there or in the United States.

Such are only a few cautions which emerge from any consideration of China's cultural thrust into world politics today. The bottom line is, of course, that with China the U.S. should not attempt to do *anything* in a hurry. □

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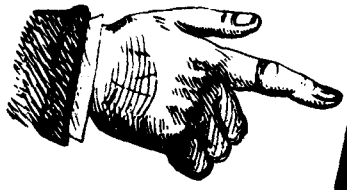

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"It's good to get in on this thing, Abdul, before oil shortages drive the prices through the roof."

Moonlight in New York

Police cars screaming high,
Fire engines rushing by—
Moonlight in New York.
Holdups in the dark,
Muggings up in Central Park—
Moonlight in New York.

Pickpockets creeping,
And psychopaths leaping
At people just out for a walk.
Derelicts pleading,
Pedestrians bleeding
From onrushing cabs
As they jay-walk.

Leather-jacket gays,
Dope raids, gang wars, DOAs—
Moonlight in New York.
Lock the door—it's
Moonlight in New York.

—JOE LA ZIZZA

MACNELLY/THE RICHMOND NEWS LEADER. ©1980 BY CHICAGO TRIBUNE.
How we doin', Cy?
We continue to monitor the situation very closely, and, although I would hesitate to characterize the degree of progress, I believe that I can safely say that we're in one hell of a mess.
BEEP
FOREIGN POLICY

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THE CALIFORNIA SCENE

Tom Hayden on the Stump

IVAN GOLDMAN

TOM HAYDEN IS recruiting students again. He spoke at our campus recently, spraying pronouncements around the auditorium like shotgun pellets. The statements didn't all match up, but what the hell, not many hard questions get asked on campus these days anyway. And even when they are, answers are gauged more by projection than by content. These are, after all, TV's children. Hayden knows.

The recruitment this time is for something called Students for Economic Democracy, the adolescent affiliate of Hayden's already-extant Campaign for Economic Democracy. Both SED and CED are, at this point, aimed only at California, and designed as springboards for another Fonda-financed senatorial campaign for Hayden in 1982.

This night Hayden speaks to an audience of about four hundred. He doesn't draw as big a crowd sans Jane, his Oscar-winning Tonto.

"You are not the middle-class students of the kind that worked together in the Sixties to stop the Vietnam War." This opening is his polite way of telling the audience who they are—mostly minority students from the southern edge of Los Angeles. Average age, thirty. Hayden then launches a shameless monologue which goes nowhere at all about how he'd once been privileged to meet Rosa Parks, the indomitable Alabama black woman who wouldn't move to the back of the bus.

Next a plunge into "the problems of the 1980s," headed by the energy crisis we all love to hate. The "people" must have their say on these issues, Hayden declares, and so a mass movement is required "to get the attention of politicians, the media, and corporations. Because the energy solution they offer—conservation—is impossible. How do you conserve gas when you bought the American dream in the suburbs a hundred round-trip miles from your work?" A nodding of heads, welcoming this encouragement to Everyman's dream of a microwave oven in every kitchen and a V-8 engine in every garage. Hayden knows how to deal with an audience of rising expectations.

And ultimately he reveals his very own energy solution. It is, so help me, *conservation*. Which just illustrates, of course, that it's not the answer that counts, but who's giving it.

I've covered Hayden intermittently since the Sixties, watched him move from SDS (he was a founder) on to the Chicago Eight trial; into obscurity and back to all that glitters, this time aligned with Jane Fonda and California's Governor Moonbeam. He remains a press magnet. Politicians all over California strive to engage him in drawn-out media exchanges. Duking it out with Hayden is sure ink. And to reporters he offers the intriguing game of estimating what percentage of his statements he really believes.

"If we would winterize," Hayden says, "insulate, stop building nuclear plants for air conditioning, change our architecture, there would be unbelievable results overnight. If we would insulate 35,000 homes it would be equal to saving the consumption of all the gas and oil coming from Alaska's North Slope." A mysterious statistic indeed. Are these homes random or specific? By what measure of North Slope production? Today's or tomorrow's? What exactly is he saying? We don't find out. The speaker lays a smokescreen of staccato assurance which no one wishes to penetrate. His statements are like body counts. You either believe them or you don't. You don't want to argue the point. It is too dispiriting. There was too much gentleness there.

Hayden slips deftly through his contention that doing away with nuclear plants is a way to conserve energy. One suspects that no one in this audience wishes to tamper with the speaker's welcome message that we can indeed have both snail darters and electric turkey carvers: all that's needed is the right kind of leadership.

"By solarizing existing homes where practical and placing solarization in all new homes we could create 400,000 jobs a year. Not just dead-end jobs, but jobs with a future." And here he pauses for effect. "How many people would like to have a job with a future?" More nodding of heads. "All this new industry can be decentralized, competitive. And it need not be segregated by race and sex." There are more allusions to Rosa Parks; then, for good measure, a healthy dash of South Africa-baiting.

The Hayden spiel has a peculiar kind of illogic which can be likened only to an evening in front of a TV set. Quite organized, but with nothing placed in context, nothing related to anything else. Picture *Three's Company* and a dogfood commercial, followed by a news break for buzz words. Then good guys chasing bad guys amongst L.A. palms.

WE LISTEN these days to a comfortable Hayden, secure in his Fonda-financing and state commission appointments by Governor Brown (whom Hayden supported for President). He's laying a measured siege on California after the fun and hoopla of the Hayden-Fonda fifty-city national road show late last year.

Neutral estimates of CED membership range from one thousand to 8,500. CED cheerfully places the number at "75,000 California families." As for SED, the effort aimed at students, the office says it's too soon even to make estimates.

Time for questions. A young black man says he'd probably vote for Hayden if he were running for something (laughter from the audience), but he can't figure out just what he stands for. "Do you wish to pursue your goals through capitalism or some other way?"

Exactly. For Hayden's pronouncements don't seem to call for any political program at all. Rather, they require entrepreneurs. If he wants to start a winterization business, why attack the body politic?

(Continues on page 549)

Mr. Goldman, a former Washington Post *reporter, teaches communications at California State University, Dominguez Hills.*

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RELIGION

Catholic countries have been especially apt to fall prey to economic errors, misjudgments, and oversimplifications. What has been true of Catholic laymen has been equally true, alas, of Catholic ecclesiastics

Economics in the Catholic World

ERIK von KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

Why is it that the countries of the Reformation—the Protestant nations have become so much more prosperous than the Catholic and Eastern Orthodox nations?

Max Weber claimed it resulted from the efficiency of "Protestant economic ethics" (*protestantische Wirtschaftsethik*). In our day the great proponent of Weber's theory was Professor Alfred Müller-Armack of Cologne, who also served as State Secretary under Ludwig Erhard, and is mainly responsible for the adoption of free-market principles by the predominantly Catholic CDU-CSU (the combined Christian parties) of West Germany. Though often taken for a Catholic himself, Müller-Armack was in fact—like Erhard and Erhard's teacher, Wilhelm Roepke—a Lutheran. The correlation between capitalism, free-market theory, and Protestantism is undeniable, however one explains it.

To be sure, a kind of free-market economy seems to have existed in Lombardy before the Reformation; many banking expressions that have survived to this day are of Italian origin. And in the sixteenth century the Spanish scholastics developed an elaborate free-market theory. Weber perhaps overemphasized the impetus free enterprise gained from the removal of medieval restrictions, and underrated the Protestant penchant for hard and systematic work. (Although it is worth noting that medieval Europe observed not only the 52 Sundays each year but also ninety to 120 holy days of obligation, and that working by artificial light was strictly forbidden. At the end of the last century, by contrast, the Scots frowned on idleness even on Christmas Day as a gross piece of "popery.")

But for whatever reasons, the Catholic lands have generally preferred a *dolce vita* with artistic and intellectual pursuits, whereas the sober and disciplined nations of the Reformation faiths were more "realistic" and strove for a more material, and sometimes more materialistic, civilization with greater comforts. (Though, as every tourist knows, it is in the lands of *la dolce vita* that one finds the best cuisine.) Thus, commercialism, and with it economic thinking, though born in the Mediterranean, became highly developed only in Europe's Protestant Northwest. (One must admit that while this differentiation still exists not only in Europe but also in the Western Hemisphere, it is decreasing everywhere: the work ethic of Northwestern Europe has penetrated to other countries as well, while the Provider State is demoralizing the productive regions of Europe and North America.) The Catholic countries have produced few respectable economic thinkers who were also convinced Catholics. Although the Austrian school of economics boasts many seminal thinkers who were at least born Catholics, those who remained devout while becoming Neo-Liberals were exceptional; such Early Liberals as Tocqueville, Montalembert, and Acton, on the other hand, were Catholics, but they were not economists. The Catholic countries have consequently been especially apt to fall prey to economic errors, misjudgments, and oversimplifications—"clear but false ideas." What has been true of Catholic laymen has been equally true, alas, of Catholic ecclesiastics.

Catholic antipathy to commercialism can be traced in part to the Gospel story of the moneychangers in the Temple—the only people to be physically chastized by our Lord. Most believers seem not to have noticed that the issue was not trade but desecration, and that this censure was far milder than that directed against the Scribes and Pharisees. In the Middle Ages Thomas Aquinas thundered against the merchants, absolving only those who imported vital foreign goods. Taking interest was condemned as usury allowable only for such purposes as the financing of risky ventures. To make matters worse, merchant and manufacturer had little social prestige in the Catholic world; in religiously mixed regions, the banker was often a Jew and the manufacturer a Lutheran or Calvinist.

New Class *v.* Old Class

The situation was aggravated in the nineteenth century with the rise of parliamentary political parties. The conservatives were often led by the big landowners, who despised as "newly rich" the merchants, manufacturers, and bankers. These, in turn—partly because of their recent social or religious emancipation, partly because of their enthusiasm for the Enlightenment, and not least because they were partisans of a free-market economy—joined and eventually came to lead the Old Liberal parties. This Old Liberalism was anticlerical and antifeudal; on the Continent it was allied with Freemasonry, and tended philosophically toward

Mr. Kuehnelt-Leddihn's latest book is The Intelligent American's Guide to Europe.

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skepticism and relativism in the simplistic conviction that dogmatic religion tended inevitably to intolerance.

The Old Liberalism helped render the free-market system suspect in Rome, where "liberal" and "capitalist" became dirty words. Socialism and Communism, though deadly enemies of conservatives and liberals alike, were deemed "natural reactions" against free enterprise, and half-excused on that basis. Marx, it was frequently argued, was the obvious response to Adam Smith and Cobden.

These notions gained, and retained, credence thanks to a crude, pseudo-monastic understanding of the New Testament—an interpretation romanticizing poverty, which dates only from the rise of the medieval mendicant orders. In point of fact, Christ was not the son of a poor carpenter; Joseph was a *tekton* (which means architect, and building entrepreneur as well), and the Magi came to worship the child Jesus *not* in the stable but "in Joseph's house." To the Jews Jesus was essentially a prince of royal blood, a *descendant of David*, a potential king who had to affirm repeatedly that His kingdom was *not* of this world. Nor were the early Christians a bunch of desperate slaves, prostitutes, and beggars: as the *Martyriologum Romanum* proves, they belonged to all social classes, all the way up into the imperial and senatorial families, including (as Adolf von Harnack pointed out) leading intellectuals and military men. It was Engels who tried to convince us that Christianity is a religion for slaves which was finally adopted by the power-hungry "bourgeoisie"; and many naïve Christians still repeat this romantic socialistic nonsense.

For many years the Catholic Church fought a two-front war against socialism and liberalism. Since World War II, however, the form of this war has undergone a profound change—for the worse. Ignoring St. Paul's warning not to conform to the *aion*—the world and the times—the Church has leaned to the secularized version of the monastery which the Germans call *Monastizismus*. Attempting, in a way parallel to that of American "liberals," to make herself "open to new ideas," the Church has tended increasingly to take a second look at Karl Marx. If this were mere Machiavellianism or *Ostpolitik*, it might be tolerable enough: the Church has to survive among the forces of the world.

But the problem is worse: under Paul VI, and under the influence of Jacques Maritain, quite a few high ecclesiastics and theologians have come to believe there is some *intrinsic* truth in the Marxian position. Increasingly one hears pleas for rapprochement and even doctrinal fusion, a Catholic Communism. Maritain held that atheistic Communists had, after all, restrained the profit motive, and for this deserved praise. Many Catholic thinkers have agreed.

Now, I must emphasize again that in the Catholic world, and especially among Catholic ecclesiastics, there are very, very few students of the extremely complex science of economics. Maritain knew a lot about theology, he was a philosopher, and he knew something about biology; but he knew next to nothing about politics and economics. Yet fools rush in where angels fear to tread. And incredible though it may seem, many theologians, emphasizing their firm belief in "social justice," are convinced not only that wealthy people in poor countries always hold their riches at the expense of the poor, but that "distributive justice" would cure this evil. They also believe, with equal conviction, that all Third World woes can be assigned to colonial and neo-colonial exploitation, that all nations and races have the assiduity to achieve "decent living standards," and that freedom and socialism can be combined.

Marx and the Papacy

It is not altogether surprising that the Vatican's economic and social thought should continue to deal in thoroughly obsolete, simplistic, and romantic categories. The West has failed—one might almost say refused—to develop ideologies to compete with Marxism. And since nature tolerates neither physical nor intellectual vacuums, Marxist ideas have penetrated Catholic minds. Thus we should not be astonished if papal encyclicals repeat antiquated Marxist platitudes; or if Father Joseph Lebret, OP, the main contributor to *Populorum Progressio*, tells seminarians in São Paulo that he suspects God supports the Communists against the capitalists and that he would not be displeased if this were so. Or if Archbishop (now Cardinal) Casaroli tells Cubans that "we, too, read Marx and have learned a lot from him."

How could one reform the Vatican's attitudes in these matters? There are, to begin with, facts—facts which may be unpleasant, but which bear what hope there is. First of all, let us take note that if we reduce the million years of human existence to a 12-hour dial, the few people in a few regions who have achieved "decent living standards" have done so only since two minutes of 12—and some nations that now have them got them only ten seconds before 12. No German worker today would trade places with Louis XIV, who lived in reeking Versailles with practically no plumbing, with no dentist, no antibiotics, no car (or good roads), no television, and no means of getting the lice out from under his colossal wig.

Secondly, it must be pointed out that the woes of the Third World, contrary to the hoaxes that are so commonly used to evoke pity and charity, are largely the result of ingrained sloth. Our work ethic prevails only in Europe, North America, and East Asia (and there are even sections of those areas where it does not prevail). Agricultural experts contend that if India's millions tilled the soil with proper energy and modern means, India would have to export at least a third of her agrarian output.

The Third World must also bear in mind, if it covets our living standards, that our self-employed work sixty to eighty hours a week, and theirs would have to do likewise; there is no other way to catch up with us, and moral pressures and political blackmail are as futile as they are illicit. Nonetheless, the higher living standards of the Reformed nations have excited the envy of the Catholic ones, especially those that belong to the Third World; in turn, appeals to shell out money to the hapless Third World are periodically addressed to the industrial (and industrious) nations—where Catholics are usually a minority.

But such facts are not enough. The Vatican must also be exposed to different *currents of thought*. If Cardinal Casaroli thinks one can learn from Marx (which we sincerely doubt), how much more could the Church learn, for instance, from the Austrian school of economics and from the Neo-Liberals! In order to learn, however, she must

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surmount several obstacles, fortunately not of a doctrinal but of a psychological nature.

Foremost among these is the Vatican's automatic hostility to the very term "liberal." The dubious metaphysics of the Old Liberals need not prejudice their economic theories, and in any case their social attitude toward the Church is passé. Unhappily, though, the Vatican has little access to the best liberal thought, which is largely in German: it is significant that more than four-fifths of the sources cited in *Populorum Progressio* are of French origin.

In addition, there is a strategic handicap. Today the Church partakes of the anti-elitist, "democratic" spirit and seeks to address and convert the many rather than the exceptional few. She would hardly dare say a word in favor of the multinationals, the big banks, the great tycoons, or free trade, much less criticize the Provider State (misnamed the "welfare" state). Her critics would hurl the slogans of "social justice" at her, with the usual misapplications of Christ's promises to the poor and criticisms of the rich. Never mind that *Social Justice* was the title of Father Coughlin's periodical, and that millions have died in the name of social justice and equality.

Nonetheless, the Church Militant should be careful to make worldly pronouncements sparingly. One would not wish for an *ecclesia blaterans*—a chattering Church. Furthermore, it may be impossible, or imprudent, for the Church to break too sharply with the prevailing sociopolitical and economic fashions. Theoretically, for instance, any pronouncements on the troubles of Latin America should mention the enormous illegitimate birthrate (a result of *machismo*), drugs, drinking, corruption, futile efforts to "make democracy work," and the absence of a *gana de trabajar* (a disposition to hard and systematic labor). But these are extremely delicate subjects, and it may not be feasible even to bring them up. If not, however, they might at least be tacitly recognized, and snippets from Karl Marx eschewed as a substitute for realism.

What we would like to see in the Church would be what St. Paul demanded, *metanoia*, a change of mind, among her advisors and teachers, a rethinking that would enable her to "rise above herself." But a teaching Church must be a learning Church. The Holy Spirit frequently chooses to work only in the long run, and all too often the Church has waxed enthusiastic over issues when they had already ceased to be timely—as with the question of "social justice" in industrial nations where the "middle" class today comprises almost the entire population. It is certainly regrettable that the Church has sometimes resembled the dog barking up a tree after the cat has gone; but the opposite would be infinitely worse—a Church grasping eagerly at every new trend would cease to be a Church and become instead a mere secular fashion show. As Chesterton reminds us, the Church is one of the rare things in this world that protect one from the degrading servitude of being a child of the times. □

Good News for Dick

GOOD EVENING. *It's time for another episode of* Dick and Pat, *the heart-warming story of a poor, small-town boy who, through hard work, determination, and grit, managed to become a millionaire, the leader of the Free World, and an unindicted co-conspirator, all in a single lifetime.*

As we join the happy couple today, they are before the fireplace in their little mansion just around the corner. Dick is reading a newspaper.

Dick: Listen to this, my fellow American. They've taken a poll to determine who is the public figure people distrust most and . . .

Pat (wringing her hands): Oh, please, dear, don't keep twisting the knife in your wounds. It wasn't your fault. Believe me, after living with you in retirement these last six years, I know that you are not a cook.

Dick: That's *crook!* And anyway, the polls show that the most distrusted public figure in America is now—wait until you hear this, my fellow American—Teddy Kennedy!

Pat (clapping her hands): Oh, darling, that's wonderful news! I'm so proud of you. To think that you're now only the second most distrusted public figure in the country.

Dick: Yes, I always knew in my heart that I would eventually be exonerated. Do you think I should call Teddy up to offer my condolences? "Teddy," I might say, "you have my deepest sympathy, for I know what it means to be the most despised, loathed, distrusted . . ."

Pat: I wouldn't, dear. You're always doing too much for others.

Dick: Yes, you're right. Besides, there's more to this poll. A total of 41 per cent said they now believe I "wasn't such a bad President after all."

Pat: Oh, to think that you may go down in history as not such a bad President after all. Who would have dreamed it possible just six short years ago?

Dick: Let's not get carried away, my fellow American. Say, this is interesting: another 41 per cent wouldn't mind if their next President was gay. Tell me, do you feel I should smile more?

Pat: I don't think that's what they mean, dear. What they mean is . . . Good heavens, you're not thinking of running again?

Dick: Was that the telephone? I'm expecting a draft. —After all, if the most mistrusted public figure in America can run for President, surely a candidate who has been extolled as not such a bad President after all should be a shoo-in.

Pat: Oh, please don't, dear. Remember that it took Teddy less than six months of exposure to get into the spot he's in, while it took you six long years of obscurity to get out of it. Oh, but I see by that look in your eyes it's no use. What mad passion drives you to self-destruction?

Dick (striking a pose): I suppose it is my blind ambition to excel. I simply cannot settle, my fellow American, for second worst.

JOHN KEEFAUVER

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Victims of Sexuality

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

DOUBTLESS SURMISING my interest in sex—where would any of us be without it?—some weeks ago Dr. Paul Gebhart, director of the Institute for Sex Research at Indiana University, courteously invited me to visit his premises. Thither I went, and some poking into the Institute's collections has inspired these reflections.

Dr. Gebhart showed his guests *curiosa* not revealed to the casual visitor. By way of reciprocation, I was able to inform him, out of my own not inconsiderable researches, about the phallic pottery of Ibiza, and Ruthven Todd's most instructive study of the obscene drawings of Fuseli.

On departing after some two hours of discussion and inspection, I expressed to Dr. Gebhart my regret that my spouse, Annette, the Conservative Beauty, had not been able to accompany me—her two passionate interests being theology and sex, especially as coupled in books about Abelard and Heloïse. Dr. Gebhart believes that better schooling about sexuality is needed. In general, I assented; but I murmured that in some instances ignorance remains bliss. Until she entered college, Annette, for instance, firmly believed that whenever male and female couple, offspring must ineluctably result—a conviction founded upon a blissful ignorance, doubtless, yet calculated to preserve chastity.

Concepts of the relationships between the sexes, and taste in such concerns, *do* vary from one era to another; perhaps there is something like a cycle of convictions about sexuality. The other day, re-reading Egon Friedell's study of Renaissance and Reformation, I came upon this passage, which describes custom and opinion around the end of the fourteenth century and the beginning of the fifteenth:

"As to the relations of the sexes, eroticism had been driven out by sexuality. Woman was no longer an ideal, a higher being, a fairy-tale come true, but a means of enjoyment. . . . The standpoint was purely the *animal*. To place woman in the position of a mere sex object was in one sense to lower, but in another to elevate her; for the Middle Ages had made of her so apotheosized an object that she became degraded into a doll, a lure, or an expensive plaything, and stood as completely outside life as does the American woman of today. But now at least she stood wholly on earth and became a human being."

Friedell wrote those sentences, in his scintillating fashion, during the middle Twenties. Since then, twentieth century American woman, too, like the medieval lady, has ceased to be a fairy-tale come true, or a doll. She now stands, like woman at the commencement of the fifteenth century, wholly on earth. But a full human being? One thinks of Burke's words about the Jacobin philosophy: the moral imagination abandoned, Burke said, in the eyes of such abstract thinkers "a woman is only an animal, and not an animal of the highest order."

My visit to the Institute founded by the late Alfred Kinsey, and my leafing through Friedell's chapters, made my eyes more alert the other day as I examined a mimeographed report of a Michigan association of members of boards of social services. Certain grim statistics took on flesh. Nearly half the children in the United States live with only one parent for a significant part of their childhood, I noticed. A great many children less than six years old now care for themselves, adults wanting, for extended periods. "The greatest increase in pregnancies is now occurring at the 11-year-old level." One-third of all teenage pregnancies are illegitimate. Of all marriages in this land, half last less than five years. Etc., etc.

Of course those 11-year-old unwed mothers are victims of the abuse of sexuality; but the other statistics also suggest an enormous destructive misunderstanding of the ends and limits of sexuality. And perhaps the worst of it is that at the end of the twentieth century, like our European ancestors at the end of the fourteenth century, we let the sexual drive out the erotic.

Animal appetite without erotic imagination or playfulness soon becomes boring and meaningless; but its consequences to the person and to the commonwealth are not diminished by the dullness of gratified desire. Courtship between the sexes used to be a wondrously complex game, with elaborate rules; therefore it was fun, as games are supposed to be. When the rules are swept away, the game ceases to be, and so does the fun. Then we are animals only, and not animals of the highest order. The victims of an obsessive sexuality are not the 11-year-old mothers only; among the victims are all those people who have forgotten the dance, the game, and have been left only with what Dr. Kinsey was in the habit of calling "sexual outlets."

THIRTY-TWO years ago, shortly after the publication of Kinsey's *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male*, I published in *The South Atlantic Quarterly* my ruminations on that piece of research. "In this new essay on man," I wrote then, "Kinsey, like Pope—in his own way—maintains that whatever is, is right. The behavior pattern of the species constitutes the law; observance of the law cannot be sin, being merely natural; in consequence, what we term instances of sin are 'basic mammalian patterns.' Morality is a matter of counting noses at any given moment; if there are more lewd noses than chaste, lewdness becomes law. Such is the taxonomic dialectic."

There has been a vast deal of talking and writing about sexuality since 1948; and Dr. Kinsey's "outlets," including 11-year-old outlets, have been made more readily available. My irony of 1948 now seems rather timid. When some future Lecky writes his *History of American Morals during the Post-Christian Era*, surely he will remark the widespread growth of "sex education" and the corresponding decay of erotic love. □

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One, Two, Many Equalities

NATHAN GLAZER

Counting by Race: Equality from the Founding Fathers to Bakke *and* Weber
By Terry Eastland and William J. Bennett
Basic Books, 243 pp., $10.95

After the year of the *Bakke* case and the year of the *Weber* case, we are going through a relatively quiet season in the dispute, now more than ten years old, over affirmative action. The Supreme Court still has one important case to deal with, arising from the congressional requirement that 10 per cent of emergency public-works contracts be awarded to minority contractors, but this case has aroused neither the passion nor the wide interest of *Bakke* and *Weber*. There is no dramatic confrontation here between an individual demanding impartial treatment and an institutional policy that denies that treatment because of the individual's race. Perhaps another plaintiff will yet manage to bring his case to the Supreme Court. But one suspects that now, after the *Weber* decision and opinions, the battle is over – just as, after the *Dayton* and *Columbus* decisions on school busing, *that* battle seems to be over, too.

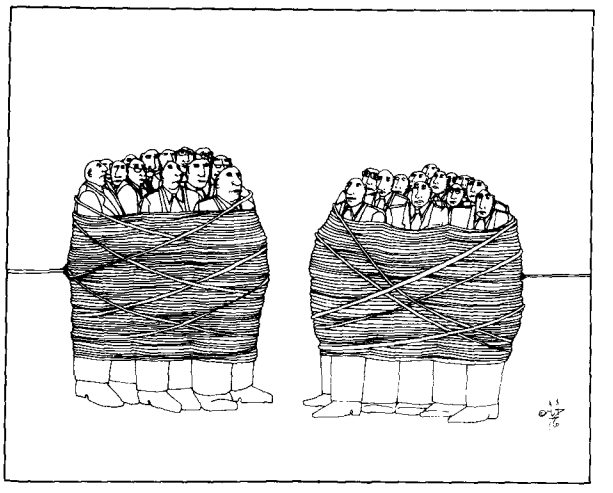
Of course, in terms of the need to make an argument, and indeed an effective argument, against a misguided and mistaken policy (even a policy declared to be constitutional by the Supreme Court), the battle is never over: when the Supreme Court speaks, and we are convinced it is wrong, silence is not enjoined, particularly when it speaks with the divided voices of *Bakke* and *Weber*. But even if there is no command, practical or moral, of silence, it is also true that one cannot expect even very good arguments to accomplish much until the composition of the Supreme Court is substantially changed.

There are very good arguments indeed in *Counting by Race*, a new book by an unlikely team of authors—the editorial-writer of the *Greensboro Record* and the Director of the National Humanities Center, located in Research Triangle Park, N.C. (I assume this pairing was made possible, in fact, only by the National Humanities Center's having been established in North Carolina, rather than in some more predictable location such as Princeton, N.J., Stanford, Calif., or the environs of Boston, Mass.)

The thesis of the book is that there is a key distinction to be made between "moral equality" and "numerical equality." The authors argue that this is the crucial distinction that affirmative action requires us to ponder, rather than the somewhat different though still related distinction between equality of opportunity and equality of results. It is moral equality that the Declaration of Independence proclaimed, that Abraham Lincoln defended, that the post-Civil War constitutional amendments made fundamental law, and that the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and its attorney Thurgood Marshall fought for. It is moral equality that 187 law professors who came to Marshall's support argued for, and that was established in key Supreme Court rulings. As Marshall argued in one of his briefs, "Classifications and distinctions based on race or color have no moral or legal validity in our society. . . ." And as the 187 law professors wrote supporting his case, "Reasonable classifications may be made, but one basis of classification is completely precluded; for the Equal Protection Clause makes racial classification unreasonable *per se*."

It was such a clear, simple argument. The Supreme Court agreed; in time the President agreed; and finally, in 1964, Congress agreed.

And then, as we know, through Executive action, with the support of court decisions, this simple, clear understanding was stood on its head: it turned out that racial classifications were not unreasonable after all; on the contrary,



David Evanier *is a critic and freelance writer living in New York City.* . . . **Nathan Glazer** *is the author of* Affirmative Discrimination *and many other books.* . . . **Alan L. Miller** *has written for* The New Republic *and* The American Spectator, *and is a frequent contributor to* NR.

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RANDOM NOTES

■ MORE MAY TITLES: In *The Ultimate Tyranny: The Majority over the Majority* (Harcourt Brace, $12.95), former Senator Eugene J. McCarthy worries about the Constitution (being subverted by legislators full of schemes to amend it); freedom of speech (becoming attenuated by the FCC monopoly); privacy and freedom of assembly (the Federal Election Campaign Act is the big villain here); and the federal bureaucracy (oppressive, nosy, accountable to nobody). Senator McCarthy is beginning to sound like the Democratic inverse of John Anderson. . . . An interesting cultural note and perhaps a sign of the times is a new novel by Arnaud de Borchgrave, *Newsweek*'s foreign policy specialist, and Robert Moss, editor of *The Economist*'s *Foreign Report*. The book is called *The Spike* (Crown, $12.95); the plot concerns a young rad and journalist who starts out despising and "exposing" the CIA, then becomes convinced of the genuineness of the Red Menace, the Web of Subversion, etc., and defects to the Good Guys. Philip Agee, are you listening?

■ LEFT OVER FROM APRIL: Michael R. Beschloss, a Harvard grad student, got hold of some previously inaccessible papers of the Kennedy family which he has used to write a book called *Kennedy and Roosevelt: The Uneasy Alliance* (Norton, $14.95). In it he describes the relationship between Joe Kennedy and FDR, which culminated in cold war when Joe added his voice to the chorus of America Firsters. Mr. Beschloss concludes that Joe was a less visionary Democrat than Roosevelt. . . . Professor John Morton Blum, that old academic warhorse, has grown alarmed by the high disfavor into which the Imperial Presidency has fallen. In *The Progressive Presidents: Roosevelt, Wilson, Roosevelt, Johnson* (Norton, $11.95), he awards these prime presidential imperialists plaudits for having "raised the quality of the national life." —CW

they were needed to obtain justice for blacks, Spanish-surnamed Americans, American Indians, Orientals, and who knows how many other groups.

Eastland and Bennett argue that the numerical equality now required by the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission, the Office of Federal Contract Compliance, and the many judges who impose quotas on employers—and recently sanctioned by *Weber*—upsets traditional and deeply rooted American understandings, going back to the Founding Fathers, as to the kind of equality we wanted to institute in this country.

But numerical equality also undermines moral equality, the equality that argues a man (or a woman) should be treated no differently because of race or color or national origin or religion. If someone is the beneficiary of special treatment because of race—whether, as in the past, because he belongs to the racial majority, or, as in the present, because he belongs to a racial minority—that very favoritism undermines human dignity.

Concentrating on the *Bakke* case, which evoked the fullest array of arguments in favor of affirmative action, Eastland and Bennett demonstrate that no argument withstands the criticism that taking account of race undermines the simple moral dignity, the moral equality of an individual. (This is an argument that has also been presented very persuasively by Thomas Sowell.) There are, of course, other arguments —practical, constitutional, and political —against counting by race, but it is the argument from moral equality that Eastland and Bennett press most strongly. As they write: "Most Americans of all skin colors and ethnic backgrounds still believe in the idea of moral equality, as enunciated by Lincoln, that the claims of each man should be determined on the same basis as the claims of any other man, regardless of color." Unfortunately, that is not what the President and his chief officers believe, what thousands of government employees believe, what the Supreme Court believes. Especially for those who benefit from "counting by race," it is all too easy for this faith in moral equality to be undermined.

Having written and argued on these issues, I have had on occasion to face students in elite institutions who, whether or not they were the beneficiaries of "counting by race," have argued passionately that this is the proper definition of equality. I don't think they would have come to this view—so antagonistic to the understanding of equality that prevailed universally only 15 years ago —by themselves, without the help of Presidents, Secretaries of HEW, federal officials, and federal courts. A lesser value, unheard of in our traditions, universally rejected when we debated the Civil Rights Act 16 years ago, is now firmly established. It cannot help but demean both those who implement it and those who benefit from it. Eastland and Bennett demonstrate what we have lost by embracing "counting by race." □

An Invitation to Our Times
By Mitchell S. Ross
Doubleday, 183 pp., $8.95

THE ICON-MUGGER

ALAN L. MILLER

The caustic American essayist has gone the way of the buffalo. It is almost as if the passing of the venerable H. L. Mencken signaled a moratorium on the art. A pity, since the curmudgeon from Baltimore is sadly missed these days, when such a multitude of absurdities invite public pillory.

From his Bloomington bunker, a puckish Bob Tyrrell stokes the iconoclastic embers to brilliant intensity and singes the fannies of assorted gasbags across this land. Tom Wolfe remains in a class by himself. Though somewhat long in the tooth and uncertain of his literary destiny, Gore Vidal can mug any icon when he feels the urge. From there on, though, the field thins out. Wilfrid Sheed has gone softly to the novel and John Leonard to the *New York Times*. The source of Hunter Thompson's inspiration could best be analyzed by a urine specimen, which would likely result in his disqualification.

Then there is this chap Ross. Still possessing the temerity of the upstart who earlier dared to discern and dissect the motives of *The Literary Politicians*, this brash whippersnapper now instructs us upon the State of the Union. And the degree to which he succeeds in fricasseeing a farrago of moronic philosophies makes one wonder if the years spent pursuing a university degree are

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eally worth it. For Ross, a University f Michigan dropout, writes with a bit- ıg clarity that belies his tender years. Assailing the sorry state of public chooling, he succinctly savages uni- ersity departments of education:

> . . . anyone who reads the writings of educators ought to forfeit his right to speak on any important matter before the Republic. Educational prose is the worst in the English language, and regular readings of it are clearly as harmful to the mind and body as the taking of poison. Anyone who indulges the habit of his own volition offers irrefutable evidence of his feeblemindedness, and ought to be treated accordingly. In my capacity as a social pathologist, I have myself examined educational prose on occasion, but only after receiving a series of thorough inoculations to combat the foul effects which would otherwise seize me after an hour's reading.

Ross characterizes educators, by and arge, as dregs who manage "to elevate cheerful tolerance beyond the level of practical virtue." Take, for instance, the quintessential athletic director, "Big Ed," whose innocent incompetence stemmed from an uncertain command of the language—his "mind always seemed to be playing tricks on his tongue."

Surveying the spiritual smorgasbord which passes for religious feeling today, Ross vividly sketches a fund-raiser for Israel, whose urgent needs, he suggests, have rendered Judaism secondary to Zionism. He lampoons the video missionaries who raise their cash flow above the professed host. He reduces the puffery of Eastern meditation to "the spiritual version of Handi-Wipes" —though stopping short of the inference that many followers of Zen are the cultural heirs of those who mastered canasta. Noting the confusion among Catholics, Ross is at his sardonic best describing Congressman Drinan on the campaign trail:

> . . . a thin nervous figure enclosed by his collar, his priestly garb covered by a frayed black blazer which was flecked with white droppings from his bald scalp. I looked forward to meeting him, and concentrated my thoughts on an impertinent utterance, but as he approached I decided that as a loyal campaign worker [for his opponent] I had best restrain my impulse and speak respectfully. And so at last I inhaled his foul breath, took his damp hand into mine, and exchanged polite greetings. Then, just as he prepared to say something else, Drinan's tense face opened into a broad and astonishing grin, his hand dropped, and he dashed suddenly to a spot ten feet behind me where a young mother was burping her baby. He commented approvingly on her work, and then posed with mother and baby in front of a local photographer's camera. It was as if Ignatius Loyola had suddenly been recomposed in the image of Hubert Humphrey.

The elevation of smugness to the level of art is no small accomplishment. Mitchell Ross traverses the perilous defile that beckons the unwary gadfly with an acrobatic ease that is both unnerving and fascinating. How delightfully he juxtaposes the charismatic urgings of Martin Luther King Jr. with the insipid style of Ralph Abernathy: ". . . it was as if William McAdoo had suddenly tried to sound like William Jennings Bryan after they had buried Old Yeller in his barnyard."

Any aspiring pundit who would rather discuss politics with his cat than with a college student is truly a national resource worthy of preservation—and encouragement. □

BEAUX ARTS

The Apathetic Bookie Joint
By Daniel Fuchs
Methuen, 286 pp., $10

FEEDING THE LAKE

DAVID EVANIER

Daniel Fuchs was—is—a writer who turned out a handful of wonderful stories in the late Thirties and early Forties (notably *The Williamsburg Trilogy*), then went out to Hollywood and, as far as the reading public was concerned, virtually dropped out of sight. Since Fuchs was one of the great discoveries of my youth, I came to this collection with a special anticipation—which was more than fulfilled. The early short stories printed here prove to be miniatures which, steeped though they are in a specific period of American history (the Depression), a specific locale (Jewish Brooklyn), and a vanished vernacular, escape categorization and become metaphors for the human condition.

Included here are five stories from the Thirties, three excellent memoirs, and four stories about Fuchs's Hollywood years. Like *The Williamsburg Trilogy*, the five stories from the Thirties present us with an array of Depression losers. We are back to lives lived on roofs on hot summer nights, barber shops open until midnight, bookies, trolleys, the Automat, and the Third Avenue El.

In "The Hosiery Shop," the shop owner, Royder, encounters a gangster so tame that when Royder refuses a shakedown, the gangster trembles and his eyes fill with tears:

> "Let him use stink bombs, but if I catch him," Royder said, and he had to close his eyes as he said it, "if I catch him, I . . . I'll knock his fingers off his hands."
> "What?" the gangster said to Royder.
> "You heard me."
> "Repeat it."
> Royder didn't answer for a moment. "Shakespeare," he said finally, "didn't write his plays twice."
> "All right!" the gangster said. "All right!"

"A Clean, Quiet House" details the brief idyl of two old school buddies who encounter each other on a subway when a lemon-colored butterfly swoops through a window and between them. They are now in their thirties and their lives have descended upon them. One invites the other to his home to meet his wife, but she is out. They sit in the kitchen eating and horsing around as in the old days, taking a break from their usual work schedules. They are playing a duet on two children's flutes when the wife appears and is outraged to see the food she had prepared for a ladies' party being consumed by the two friends. The moment is over, and it will not happen again.

Significantly, only four of the stories in *The Apathetic Bookie Joint* were written after 1950. But it is heartening that the most recent, "Ivanov's *The Adventures of a Fakir*," written in 1975, is one of the best—and it is perhaps instructive about the course of Fuchs's own career as a writer. In this story, set in the Fairfax Avenue section of Los Angeles (the one section of that city bearing some kinship to the Williamsburg Fuchs knew as a young man), the narrator indefatigably tracks down a writer who published a translation of

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Ivanov's *The Adventures of a Fakir* in 1935 and gave up his writing career shortly afterwards. They meet, and the writer tells the narrator why he stopped writing: a publishing contract swindle as fiendish as any encountered by Dostoyevsky, a failed love affair, fate. He has become a capmaker. The story has the indirection and energy characteristic of Fuchs at his height. In its refusal to explain the writer, it seems to be giving us the only answer Fuchs can provide about his own life.

THE TITLE story is the finest of all. Fuchs here draws a portrait of a disconsolate bookie named Barlow, filled with longing for a better life, and of the other apathetic types in the bar, including "a languid lady" and a sad bartender who views the bookie with concern:

> "Very complicated type," he said in a rasping voice. "Very sensitive type. You know, it don't pay to take things so serious, like him. That's no way to be. It's better if a person has a disposition that lets him see the funny side of life." He paused and looked out into the street for a while. "The trouble is," he groaned, "the whole trouble is, it's not so easy to have a sunny disposition. People don't take their pick."

Barlow is soon humiliated by a detective who raids the premises. But Fuchs has invested him, as he does so many of his characters, with a dignity, a desire to be better, that resonates.

It is this humanity that makes *Williamsburg Trilogy* one of the most delightful experiences a reader can have. These three novels (*Summer in Williamsburg*, *Homage to Blenholt*, *Low Company*) were published to no sales and critical silence in the late Thirties. In his introduction to the trilogy, reissued in paperback in 1972 by Avon, Fuchs writes: "The books were failures. Nobody seemed to care for them when they came out. I saw a man once on the subway, reading *Homage to Blenholt* and chuckling aloud; that was the only clean appreciation I can remember —unsolicited, true. . . ."

But Fuchs may now have another chance at the approbation he missed in the Thirties, for his stories do not date, devoid as they are of fake sentiment, pat answers, or bathos of any sort. Even though the trilogy vividly evokes the atmosphere of the Depression years, it shares with another neglected masterpiece, Henry Roth's *Call It Sleep*, the quality of timelessness. Both works are rooted in character and will live, just as their opposites, the products of the tractor school of proletarian literature, were entombed by their lack of regard for the mystery and ambiguity of character.

Fuchs in his fiction gives common people stature without coloring or distorting their reality. One can understand why Sean O'Casey, a great writer who also spoke lyrically of the human condition despite its indignities, went to the trouble of locating Daniel Fuchs after reading the trilogy in the Thirties, and wrote him a letter of praise.

Reflecting on O'Casey and Fuchs, it seems to me the words of the late Jean Rhys in a *Paris Review* interview suffice: "All of writing is a huge lake. There are great rivers that feed the lake, like Tolstoi and Dostoyevsky. And there are trickles, like Jean Rhys. All that matters is feeding the lake." □

American Light: The Luminist Movement 1850-1875
Edited by John Wilmerding
National Gallery of Art, 330 pp., $19.75

THE AMERICAN LUMINATI

RUTH BERENSON

This lavishly illustrated soft-cover book, published in connection with an exhibition at the National Gallery this winter, is a compilation of essays focusing on the group of nineteenth century American landscape painters who, because of the way they painted light—treating it as something clear and crystalline—have been grouped together as "Luminists." Unlike their Hudson River School contemporaries, their pictures are not anecdotal, nor are they dry, factual statements; rather they are expressions of mood—of wonder and awe at the timeless beauty of the American earth and sky.

Their most spectacular representative was Frederick E. Church, who in the 1860s and '70s journeyed far and wide in search of grandiose scenery—to the Rockies, to Mexico, to Greece, to th Andes; his recently rediscovered *Ic bergs*, which sold for $2.5 million la October (the highest price ever paid fc an American picture) was painted i Labrador.

BUT THE earlier, archetypal Luminist of the 1850s—Fitz Hugh Lane, Marti Johnson Heade, John F. Kensett, an Sanford R. Gifford—preferred simple unpretentious subjects: sandy coves, har bors, flat marshes punctuated by hay stacks. They typically used a horizonta format and the smooth linearism, enam el-like surfaces, and planar composi tions of Neoclassicism, although thei reverence for nature had its origins i Romanticism. They treated light a something pure, fluid, undiffused; a Barbara Novak puts it in her essay i this volume, "Air cannot circulate be tween the particles of matter that com pose Luminist light." This effect o palpability is achieved through colo transitions so subtle, so refined, tha they seem nearly indivisible. The over all effect of these landscapes is of a silence so pervasive that even a bird's song would be an intrusion.

No one has yet come up with a satisfactory account of the origins of American Luminism. In her full-length book, *American Painting in the Nineteenth Century*, Professor Novak contended that "it is one of the most truly indigenous styles in the history of American art," while John Wilmerding, Curator of American art at the National Gallery and editor of the present book, sees it as "the conclusive development of early American landscape painting . . . the central movement in American art through the nineteenth century."

Nevertheless, there are significant European parallels, or, better, antecedents. Caspar David Friedrich's harbor scenes of the 1820s bear an uncanny resemblance to the ones Fitz Hugh Lane painted in the 1850s—yet Lane never went abroad and could not have known Friedrich's work; and though most of the other Luminists did travel in Europe, we have little information as to what they saw there. Thus, the resemblance between Church's *Cotopaxi* of 1863, glowing with refulgent reds and oranges, and the elegiac views of Grecian ruins which Karl Rottmann painted in the 1840s may be just another coincidence.

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Curiously, however, none of the writers contributing to this book explores these parallels; they also neglect what may well be the most plausible source or at least some aspects of American Luminism: namely, the famous Düsseldorf Art School, where many of the painters in this group—Albert Bierstadt, Worthington Whittredge, William Trost Richards, and William Henry Hazeltine—studied. But, again curiously, Bierstadt is not considered an *echt* Luminist, perhaps because his paint surfaces are less smooth, his details fussier, his light less crystalline than the others'. To this reader, however, the distinction seems overfine; Bierstadt's *Yosemite*, illuminated by flaming skies glowing like the burning Atlanta in *Gone with the Wind*, seems no less dramatically luminous than Church's *Cotopaxi*, or the neon-hued sky of his *Aurora Borealis*—and not surprisingly, since Bierstadt, like Whittredge and the others, studied under the landscape painter Johann Wilhelm Schirmer, whose paintings of Alpine peaks are marked by a similar if less lurid light.

If much remains to be uncovered concerning the origins of Luminism, this is not to denigrate the importance of this book to students of American art. In particular, Mr. Wilmerding's survey of the literary counterparts of Luminism—Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, the young Henry James—is provocative. James's description, in an 1866 story, "The Landscape Painter," of "the wondrous stillness . . . of the deep translucent water . . . at the base of a sunlit cliff like a great basin of glass," perfectly describes not only the shining, mirror-like coves of Kensett and Lane, but the contemporary photographs of Carleton E. Watkins—for the book clearly shows that the Luminist view colored American landscape photography no less than painting. If the color reproductions are no match for their stunning originals, they still serve well to introduce readers to America's most signal contribution to the art of landscape. □

FILM

CHRIST WITHOUT CHRIST; NIJINSKY WITHOUT NIJINSKY

JOHN SIMON

John Huston's *Wise Blood* very nearly does justice to Flannery O'Connor's first novel, on which it is based. Though the novel may be Miss O'Connor's least successful fiction, for a movie to have captured its spirit is enough to place it quite high on the film scale, and in a category of its own. In November 1963, after Albee's adaptation of *The Ballad of the Sad Café* reached Broadway, Miss O'Connor wrote to a friend: "Did you ever consider *Wise Blood* as a possibility for dramatizing? If the times were different I would suggest that, but I think it would just be taken for the super-grotesque sub-Carson McCullers sort of thing I could not stand the sight or sound of." There is something unfortunately McCullersish about the novel itself (the real, great O'Connor was to come later) and so about the movie.

Yet this tale of Hazel Motes, the preacher's son who tries every way to escape Jesus and cannot, has much of the funny awfulness of Flannery O'Connor's best works, dealing with the phenomena that once almost blanketed the South and still thrive in many a not so isolated pocket. In a somewhat different, less extreme form, they may indeed lurk in human nature everywhere. *Wise Blood* is the *credo quia absurdum* justified by all those absurd poor-white Southern lives: if being is so absurd, why shouldn't belief, and the truth itself, be likewise? This is also, as it were, a prose version of "The Hound of Heaven," with Christ relentlessly tracking down the would-be sinner protagonist until he dies as a martyred quasi-saint. It is all horrible and funny, with the horror and funniness in a stranglehold so tight that they take even the audience's breath away. And it is so outrageous you have to believe it; something so crazy, tormented, pitiful has to be beyond anyone's ability to invent.

The screenplay is an extremely faithful adaptation by Michael and Benedict Fitzgerald (whose parents, Robert and Sally, were among Miss O'Connor's closest friends), and Huston has not indulged himself in directorial liberties. True, the flashbacks of Hazel's childhood are shot in a kind of fuchsia monochrome, but what haunts someone has the right to be garish; and, to save money, present-day Macon, its one high-rise brazening it out in the background, is allowed to stand in for an unidentified city of the late Forties—yet who is to say that this story is not entitled to timelessness?

Otherwise, I repeat, there is no great directorial inventiveness, but no directorial flaw, either. When a Huston film works, it is either because the script (often an adaptation) was well chosen and just rolls along—as in *The Maltese Falcon*, *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre*, and *The Asphalt Jungle*; or because the material is slapdash or *outré* enough to lend itself to a certain directorial flashiness and condescension, as in *Beat the Devil*, *The Roots of Heaven*, and *The Man Who Would Be King*. But when Huston picks the wrong material, the result, as we know from so many bitter experiences, can be catastrophic. Still, Huston is more justly served by the unpretentious Leslie Halliwell's description, "unpredictable but occasionally splendid," than by the fancier Robin Wood's assessment of him as "a somewhat coarsened sensibility."

The briskness with which Huston approaches his queasy subject here pays off. The simple way in which Hazel beds down with an obscenely obese whore or the matter-of-fact manner in which he runs over a false prophet with

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his car has the proper low-key dreariness from which the horror and humor shine forth all the more glaringly. But there is also artistry of a less obvious kind. Take the scene in which Motes preaches from the hood of his godforsaken jalopy and proclaims: "I preach the Church Without Christ . . . where the blind don't see and the lame don't walk and what's dead stays that way." It is a fine touch to show Motes and the small band of bemused idlers who listen to him only in tight and medium shots until "and what's dead stays that way" —on which line we get a zoom-out. What better words to accompany the distant, cold eye of the camera as it miniaturizes the weirdly pathetic preacher, the humdrum bunch propelled by boredom into listening, and the honky-tonk city sprawling under a grey sky in lackluster light, denied even the doubtful purification of rain?

As so often, Huston has cast the film with great canniness and obtained flawless performances. Brad Dourif's lack of any kind of quality except humorless conviction is just right for the protagonist. Even when he is saying something polite or conciliatory, Dourif has the gaze of a hunted rat about to bite back, a jaw cantilevered into defiance, and a colorless voice that can gain volume but never inflection. Dourif provokes our awe while rightly leaving our empathy alone. Similarly, Mary Nell Santacroce, a local amateur playing the elderly landlady who mysteriously falls in love with Hazel, is so invincibly ordinary, so lacking in physical and spiritual identifying marks on top of her puny common sense, that we are made to understand how such personified anonymity would be drawn to a maniacal paradox. She is as pathetic without pathos as Hazel is Christian without Christ.

THERE IS very good work also from Dan Shor as a genuinely simple-minded and not oversweet Enoch; Harry Dean Stanton as a scary as well as scarred Hawks, the fake preacher and false blind man (the scene wherein Hazel discovers that the man can see is a brilliant stroke: very short, compressed between two symbolic blackouts, and shot in extreme closeup, alternating between Hawks's self-betraying and Motes's disabused eyes looming huge, while the ominous flame of the match flickers like a feeler of hell-fire at the bottom of the frame); Amy Wright, perhaps a bit actressy as Sabbath Lily, but steeped in the innocent nastiness of that dunghill flower; and Ned Beatty as the troublingly smiling pitchman Onnie Jay Holy, the maker and breaker of prophets.

Yet even the smallest roles, filled by sundry townsfolk, come off superlatively; only Bill Hickey, as the nonentity whom Holy promotes into Hazel's rival, is too obvious a halfwit. Buttressed by Gerry Fisher's nicely noncommittal cinematography and Alex North's jauntily rustic score, *Wise Blood* hops and lurches to its trivial, tremendous climax in a manner Miss O'Connor would have approved—which is praise enough.

Nijinsky is the exact opposite of *Wise Blood*: a gaudily splendiferous surface and hollowness inside. Years ago, Rudolf Nureyev was set to play the title part, and might have carried it off with bravura, even though Albee was to write the script and Ken Russell was supposed to direct. The chap who did direct, Herb Ross, was defeated from the outset by picking for Nijinsky George de la Peña, an undistinguished dancer with a bland face and no acting ability. He neither looks like Nijinsky nor conveys that human battlefield of genius and madness. Unlike in *The Turning Point*, where Ross could train his camera on Baryshnikov and let the dancing do the rest, here every subterfuge must be enlisted—slow motion, jump cuts, superimposition, framing that cuts off the legs—to deflect attention from de la Peña's dancing.

Then there is Hugh Wheeler's simplistic script that takes silly liberties with truth. Accordingly, everything is turbulently wonderful while Diaghilev and Vaslav bask in mutually devoted homosexual love. But when various intriguers take over (Baron de Gunzburg, whom the script unwarrantedly turns homosexual and Machiavellian; Romola de Pulszky—misspelled as "Pulsky" —who, as played by Leslie Browne, is a crashingly dull gatecrasher), a heterosexual marriage destroys the idyl and the walls of sanity come tumbling down. Wheeler also concocts a plethora of mediocre epigrams, e.g., Diaghilev's "My taste is impeccable, even when it is bad" or "Nobody loves a fat faun." The errors of omission are graver yet: the most interesting events, characters, complexities have a way of being minimized or totally absent.

Still, there are the convincing backgrounds; accurately evoked faces, sets, costumes, bits of choreography; and a few exquisite performances, from Alan Bates, Alan Badel, Anton Dolin, and Carla Fracci in particular. Perhaps Rex Reed's statement—used, incredibly, in the ads—sums it up best: "Towers above nine out of ten other mindless entertainments on the screen today." ⊏

TELEVISION

ALAS, POOR FALSTAFF

JOSEPH SOBRAN

Anyone who supposes Shakespeare can be readily transplanted from one medium to another should read J. L. Styan's study *Shakespeare's Stagecraft* to see how snugly the poet tailored his work to the little platform of the Globe Theatre. He seems never to have written a scene without visualizing the actual blocking of the actors, and many of the speeches lose their force when removed from their theatrical tableaux. Television, with its insistence on the closeup, destroys the spatial relations on which such effects depend, its necessary intimacy smothering the soaring power of an eloquence composed to ring out to the remotest spectators. You wouldn't want to be eyeball-to-eyeball with Pavarotti when he hits his high C. Where do you put the camera when Othello cries that he'll tear Desdemona all to pieces? In order to preserve the play's spatial values, you'd have to leave the damned thing in one place the whole time; but that would never do for TV.

The BBC's new *Henry IV, Part 1* keeps much of the play's action intact, particularly in the red-hot exchange between Jon Finch's Henry and Tim Pigott-Smith's Hotspur. But the closeup takes its toll; it exacts verisimilitude whether appropriate or not, and brutally punishes anything less. So when Prince Hal slays Hotspur, the dying man's mouth must fill with blood, which distracts even if it doesn't disgust, and

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iis great last speech has to be gurgled. 3ut meanwhile, the rest of the battle eems rather fake, with a fakery made nexcusable by the authenticating touch)f the blood.

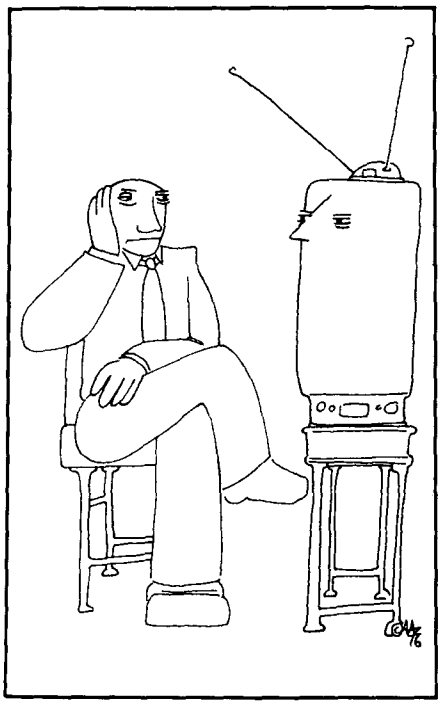
TV facilitates a certain actor's vice, vhich I'll return to after mentioning ome of the more virtuous actors in this)roduction. First, Jon Finch, a tough, 'irile, practical Henry—just right, though oo young in looks. And maybe Shakepeare intends to suggest a yellow streak n the king who disguises a half-dozen :oldiers in his livery to decoy the eneny; if so, Finch lacks it. And he hardly :eems to need rescuing by his son. In 'act, given David Gwillim's slender Hal, he reverse would be likelier. Richard Owens's Glendower is hilarious and)eautiful; for once it is hard to imagine ı fine little part better played. His :trange Welsh sonorities make Glendower's magical claims believable.

But the palm goes to Pigott-Smith. Hotspur must be easy to play well, but not this well. He is so attractive here, with his flashing humor and lust for quarreling, that you can overlook the want of that wee dash of Quixote without which the character is incomplete. And he is blessed in the wife as played by Michele Dotrice.

But what on earth got into Anthony Quayle? He has said he conceives Falstaff as an aging man full of regrets; fair enough; but still—Gerontion? This Falstaff is a touching figure, all right. The performance may even be called brilliant, in its way. But really: Falstaff with one foot in the grave?

Bear in mind, dear reader, that Falstaff has *made* this play for nearly four centuries. He caused it to be reprinted more than any other play of Shakespeare's within the playwright's lifetime. He moved the Queen to demand a play about Falstaff in love. But *this* poor old creature, timid, troubled, always seemingly at a loss, appears not to be even related to the infinitely resourceful rascal who gets himself into scrapes for the pure sport of getting out of them. The wit, the effrontery, the *joie de vivre*—undoubtedly they fade a bit by the time of his rejection in the sequel, but in Quayle they hardly seem to exist in the first place. Some of the world's great humor is sacrificed to precious psychologizing.

It matters dramaturgically too. Ostensibly the play is about how Prince



Hal, later to be Henry V, begins his reformation. This was the familiar patriotic myth. But Shakespeare undermines it. Throughout the history plays he recurs to the usurpation of the throne by Henry Bolingbroke, whose title is never legitimated, and whose line ends in the War of the Roses. Shakespeare's own attitude is bewrayed with exquisite irony in Henry's first line in the play's final scene, immediately after his great victory over Hotspur's forces at Shrewsbury: "Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke." The ghost of Richard II smiles.

In a world where order is represented by Henry Bolingbroke, it behooves one not to be too moralistic about appearances. And we are entitled to doubt whether Shakespeare regards the betrayal of Falstaff as the triumph of righteousness. Nobody has ever enjoyed the moment of that rejection, and Hal's defenders can only plead necessity, arguing the irrelevancy of common human feeling to the imperatives of kingship. The truth is that Falstaff stands for something like normal humanity in Bolingbroke's realm, operating at a lower level of roguery than the king's, and having a much better time at it. It is Hal's fault and tragedy that he must, in the way of success, adopt his father's advice to affect a priggish aloofness toward such as Falstaff. How many (any?) critics have bothered to note that the King's counsel to his son, far from being a plea for moral reformation, is actually Machiavellian?

There is a sense in which Falstaff gets a just comeuppance. But he is vulnerable only because he is so full of eager hope for opportunity when his sweet Hal becomes king; and Hal's own cruelty lies in his assumption of moral superiority to his former friends. As Quayle plays Falstaff, there is hardly enough wind in his sails to be let out. He seems to be the banal symbol of dissoluteness Hal's father would doubtless take him for, and to know that he is; and worse still, to accept it. When he speaks of amending his own life, he does so with a stolid literalness that has nothing in common with Falstaff's mood-juggling whimsy, an energy so vast it can savor even its bad moods. Bad moods, alas, are about the only ones this Falstaff ever has.

The TV camera conspires to permit this distortion, by making it feasible for Quayle to mutter and frown where Falstaff should be filling the stage with roaring and swaggering. You may call me a Moslem, but I'm beginning to think we should ban cameras from anything as holy as a production of Shakespeare.

Part 2 is a sad falling off. It's a tough play, episodic and mordant, in which all the characters are less attractive than in *Part 1*. Even so, the *actors* needn't be worse. Yet Finch bawls every speech of the ailing and dying Henry, including the lovely apostrophe to Sleep, like a hog-caller. Gwillim, anxious lest we suppose Hal something less than the mirror of all Christian kings, sadly murmurs his banishment of Falstaff. The fact is, Shakespeare's Henry V is a ruthless man; he has long intended the public rebuke of Falstaff (which includes a threat of death unusual in sad partings) to flaunt his "reformation." To have him make the gesture semi-private is to defy the text, which is hard as nails. Moreover, it would hardly be feasible in the theater, where you have to deliver speeches out loud. (Our old friend the closeup makes Gwillim's distortion possible.) Quayle's Falstaff, meanwhile, remains the poor flustered thing it was, and while there is pity there is no shocking reversal in his comeuppance. Falstaff has to deserve something *like* what he gets, but yet not what he *does* get.

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It is hard to dispraise this production adequately, but at least let honorable exception be made for Brenda Bruce's hilarious and endearing Mistress Quickly, who has the gift of expressing pathos through humor. She brings it home what a beast that Falstaff can be. □

DELECTATIONS

THE BROTHERS CHRISTIAN

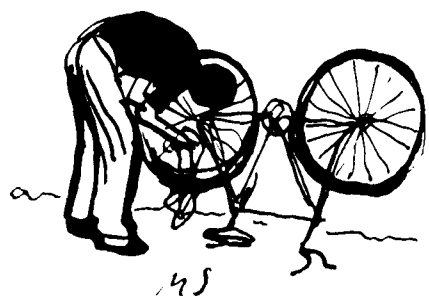
NIKA HAZELTON

Do saints play favorites? I wonder. Looking at a list of French and German saints who are patrons of the wine business from grape to bottle, I find that there are 32 French saints to 25 German ones. The French saints are also more specific about their duties. Ten saints look after the cutting and shaping of the vines; seven look after the vines' budding and protect them from frost; three, as well as Our Lady, take care of the first fruits and the ripening of the grapes, and 12 protect the vintage and concern themselves with the improvement of the wines. Among the German saints, meanwhile, we find Saint Maria Magdalena (July 22) as patroness of vintners and wine merchants, who no doubt need all the help they can get.

This list shows the close relation between man, grape, and Heaven. It was compiled by a friend of mine, Ernest Mittelberger, who is the director of the San Francisco Wine Museum. This museum is devoted to telling the story of wine and its enjoyment through the centuries; its exhibits include sculptures, prints, paintings, rare books, and artifacts, as well as the splendid Franz Sichel collection of glassware, which spans two thousand years, with wonderful drinking vessels from the Roman era to the present. The museum is the only one of its kind in the Western Hemisphere, and all the exhibits are superb—ranging from early German prints to modern artists like Picasso, and including caricatures by Daumier, the bronze bust of a Young Bacchant by Carpeaux, and English and German silver. It is located at 633 Beach Street (near Hyde) in San Francisco, opposite the Cannery. Admission is free; hours are 11 A.M. to 5 P.M., closed Mondays. It is a joyous museum don't miss it, for entertainment, charm, and instruction.

The San Francisco Wine Museum belongs to the Christian Brothers, an order founded three hundred years ago in Reims by St. Jean-Baptiste de La Salle. The members are not priests, but they have taken the vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience. The Christian Brothers are a teaching order, running over 125 primary and high schools, as well as colleges, throughout the country. Some of these institutions are supported by another of the Order's traditions—the growing of wine grapes and the making of fine wines, brandies, sherries, ports, and champagnes. Today the Christian Brothers are the largest church-owned producer of wine in the world, exporting to forty different countries.

The interesting part of this success



story is that it has been accomplished with little, if any, of the hullabaloo and noise so many California wineries have made in the course of promoting their products. Until recently, for instance, the Brothers refused to vintage-date their wines, aiming to produce consistent wines through blending. Lately, they have had to bow to the current popular demand that fine wines be specific vintages. Among the new vintage-dated Special Selections, I recommend particularly a 1975 Cabernet Sauvignon bottled for the Order's three-hundredth anniversary.

Whether the current demand for vintage-dating makes for better drinking wines is something that has yet to be shown. (To a large extent, it seems to me to be another aspect of the same syndrome as the tendency among far too many California wineries, especially the newer ones, to stress the single varietal grapes that go into their wines forgetting that some of the world' greatest wines, such as Bordeaux, ar blends of different grapes.) It is certain to my mind, that the Order's earlie marketing philosophy has given thei wines a reputation for reliable quality at reasonable prices that has beer achieved, to my knowledge, by no othe large winery.

The man most responsible for the excellence and success of the Christiar Brothers' wines is Brother Timothy possibly the nation's best known winemaker, with more friends and admirers than any other. He is a tall, spare man in his sixties, low-key, but with a twinkle in his eyes when he shows you his collection of more than 1,300 corkscrews from some thirty different countries. He is also chief officer of the International Correspondence of Corkscrew Addicts. As he says: "Take a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thy frequent infirmities" (1 Timothy 5:23). Many of us have followed his advice, to judge by the Christian Brothers' success with their invariably well-made, true-to-character wines, easily one of the best buys in medium-priced wines. For those who would like to see for themselves how all this comes about, visitors are welcome at two of the Order's wineries in Napa Valley, north of San Francisco. The Mount La Salle Vineyard and Winery is eight miles northwest of Napa on Redwood Road, off Highway 29 (hours are 10:30 to 4), and the Champagne Cellars are a quarter of a mile north of St. Helena on Highway 29 (same hours). □

The GIMLET EYE

KUNG PHOOEY

D. KEITH MANO

A woman is kicked in the face: score one for ERA. The woman's assailant, also female, has her left foot up so high she could step onto the next floor. Incredible leg extension: I wonder, is a crotch still a crotch when it's a straight line? Yaaii-eee-honng and suchlike Oriental noise. At each corner of the ring red flags go up: point and match. All four judges, it would seem, admire this

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lubfooting: a well-focused front kick. The loser is suddenly feminine again: veak, pregnable: jaw slack as a silent butler. If the shoe fits, baby, swallow t. They bow. And we have a new lady champ at the 16th All-American Open Karate Competition—where you can catch athlete's foot in your mouth.

The Felt Forum is full of lethal people. I figure a peanut vendor could punt my nose off. There are ten-year-old kids here who might change the "child" in 'child abuse" from object to subject. So much self-defense is kinetic, offensive around me. Not the place to spill beer on your seatmate. Karate has become chic and popular as high tech. In fact, that's what it is: the body electric rewired for microminiature reaction: jogging made subvicious and Eastern. Even the editor of this periodical, they tell me, is expert at Martial Artistry: which, I presume, means that—when attacked—he will translate a Latin epigram. Quickly.

YOU CAN understand: as an urban society we've been hearing mean footsteps in the dark. Try it sometime: walk up the apartment staircase close behind any woman and she'll begin to panic, rush. Strange nearness by itself is an indictment. Defense was the original incentive for karate training. Sutton Place women thought that a mugger, disadvantaged and on welfare, couldn't afford expensive nimjitsu lessons. By now, moreover, we are all gun-shy: we'd like to suppose that the human hand or leg is arsenal enough. So a subculture of disarming women (and men) was turned out. Bruce Lee (who, dead, can still gross more at the box office than any three yet-alive film stars) gave the illusion persuasiveness. The Kung Fu film is a semi-cartoon, surreal and wonder-filled: tumbling, trampolining, back-flipping, wooden-block-busting, graceful, murderous: it made violent death seem delicate and impersonal: a Mr. Bill show done by Balanchine.

But technology catches up with practice, even in the small business of assault. Today, if you swirl around on an attacker, chopping hands up, and shriek Hai!—that attacker will probably shriek Hai! right back. And have his .38 out for added emphasis. This winter a New York transit patrolman was shot dead: his killer had both superb psychoses and black belt technique. He used the policeman's own sidearm. Gun registration has been unsuccessful: it'll be real fun when we have to license feet as well.

YET KARATE (or kung fu or taekwondo or judo or shaolin or wing chun, don't ask me to explain the differences on that Korean cargo manifest)—yet they all remain attractive. There is a stylistic and cultural hook. For instance: after each competitive match at the Felt Forum, ascetic fakirs perform. One Japanese master can snap an iron pump handle with his fist; then, encore, he will screw pointy motorcycle spikes through underarm flesh. Another, blindfolded, has it in mind to make applesauce with his sword: from an apple lying on someone else's chest. Throughout the show, as you might expect, much firewood is made by hand. A Caucasian lady will have her arm sledgehammered: hard enough to split cement tile beneath it. In every case you have lots of deep-breathing and Buddha fat meditation. With-it folk today like their aggressiveness, their exercise to be, well, *spiritual*. It kills three birds with one kidney punch. The man sitting beside me is whimsical: "Yeah. Great. But how d'you convince a mugger t'hold all those pieces of wood and cement while you get ready t'hit him a good one?"

Karate can turn into pretentious anti-Western egg-role-playing. Costume is essential: even though the white karate uniform goes better with a GI series than with fighting. And all that yaaiieee-hongg: it's just Big Sur scream therapy in translation. Your counterculture type will find the karate concept of passive nastiness, of using force against itself, to be winsome moral disarmament. Karate, unlike a bazooka, unlike Charles Atlas's dumb jock muscle, is natural: solar power and rose-hip tea. Half the contestants and more than half the audience are black or Hispanic: karate is Third World anger-release. Anyone can guess the unspoken implication: that those little, wiry yellow folk are superior. That we lost in Vietnam because Russia supplied Ho Chi Minh with shin kicks and palm chops and 60 mm Zen kuans.

Karate, the sport, is insipid as a sheetrock casserole. Very like fencing: serious combat reduced to formalism. Opponents move in profile: they remind me of people sidling through an oversubscribed cocktail party. Points will be given for the sharp, "well-seen" blow; and taken away for excessive force. (One man wins by managing to get his nose bloody.) There is a single full-contact match: for this, lobster-claw gloves and instep pads are used. A battle between Noam Chomsky and Irving Howe in *The New Republic* would be more exciting. The prime ground rule is oppressive: at least one kick for every third consecutive punch. The combatants can never engage each other: they've gotta step back and kick. There is good reason for this: though those chorus-line punts are limber and sensational, in-close a decent stand-up pugilist would beat the wonton out of any pure karate boxer.

Look through my window. Quick. See, near the park, two black ten-year-olds are harassing one black ten-year-old. It isn't serious: just the usual male testing. But, note, they come at him foot first. He's backing away; more indignant than afraid. He must know, as John Wayne or Tom Mix or any real American would know, that kicking is for sissies. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT: *Reluctant First Lady, by Lorena A. Hickok (Dodd, Mead, 176 pp., $8.95).* When the sentimental correspondence exchanged between the author and her subject was recently made public, widespread interest regarding the precise nature of their relationship was aroused. This harmless little book, first published in 1962 to moderate success (one printing of four thousand copies, all sold), has been hastily re-issued in an apparent attempt to cash in on the renewed—and now prurient—interest in the simple and simple-minded woman who was our 32nd First Lady. Miss Hickok was a tough-talking, cigar-smoking AP reporter assigned, in October 1932, to cover the wife of Governor Franklin Roosevelt. They quickly became fast friends, and Miss Hickok resigned from the AP to become Mrs. Roosevelt's companion and a welfare investigator for Harry Hopkins. The story centers on Mrs. Roosevelt's first two years in the White House, emphasizing her naïve and ultimately unsuccessful attempts to lead as plain a life as possible and maintain her personal independence.

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Dark Horses

M. STANTON EVANS

AMONG OTHER strange distinctions, John Brown the abolitionist is the only known mass-murderer in American history to be remembered as a national hero.

Why this should be so is the subject of Otto J. Scott's remarkable study, *The Secret Six* (New York Times Books, $15). Scott in recent years has given us other excellent volumes (*Robespierre*, *James I*) on the related themes of fanaticism and the pursuit of power. This time he has outdone himself. *The Secret Six* is a fascinating book, rich in historical insight, intensely relevant to our own disordered era.

John Brown's true achievement, according to Scott, was to introduce the practice of ideological terror—killing innocent people, allegedly as a method of advancing "higher" purposes—into Western politics. In so doing, Scott argues, Brown not only enjoyed the material patronage and moral support of noted abolitionists and the Northern press, he was in fact acting out the tortured metaphysics of Boston's Transcendentalist elite.

It was this aspect of Brown's performance that permitted him, in a historical sense, to get away with it. The usual view of the subject tells us that Brown, though obviously a criminal and probably demented, was somehow sanctified because he was a religious man who opposed the evil of slavery. Scott contests this. In his view, Brown was a psychological accident looking for a place to happen, and if slavery had not become the object of his fixations, something else would have.

As for Brown's famous piety, Scott shows pretty clearly that this was mostly secular in character. Antislavery was Brown's substitute for Biblical religion, something he had in common with his Transcendentalist mentors. Having abandoned orthodox faith for pantheism-*cum*-humanism, the Brahmin philosophers filled the resulting emptiness with a secular *jihad*, in which any means (including such as Brown used) seemed justified.

Scott's recitation of all this reads like a non-fiction *Ragtime*. Its vast gallery of characters ranges from Fourier to Julia Ward Howe and includes the Alcotts, Emerson, Thoreau, Whittier, Carlyle, Wordsworth, and Victor Hugo on the belletristic side; Frederick Douglass, Sumner, Garrison, Phillips, Channing, and Greeley among the explicit abolitionists; Polk, Van Buren, Lincoln, Stephen Douglas, Jefferson Davis, Robert E. Lee, and J. E. B. Stuart from the world of great affairs. And, of course, there are the "six" themselves, of whom Emerson's disciple Theodore Parker is best known to modern readers.

The author ties all these notables together in a skillful narrative that drives home the central thesis: the derangement of John Brown in the realm of political action resulted from a prior derangement—of Brown and others—in the realm of theology. The ultimate point is that the same thing is occurring now, only more so. John Brown has his counterparts in the modern-day terrorists—the FALN, the PLO, the SLA—who attack the innocent in order to remedy the alleged evils of society. Like Brown, these terrorists fill the void of modern nihilism with the fearful certitudes of violence, and have their deeds explained away as understandable, if extreme, responses to a monstrous evil.

FOR THOSE who think this modern derangement has run its course, *The Alternative Media*, by Francis M. Watson Jr. (Rockford Institute, Rockford, Ill. 61101; $5) is recommended reading. Watson analyzes the counterculture journals that sprang up in the Sixties like mushrooms after a summer rain, demonstrating that the radical forces of that era are with us still, working a permanent corruption in the body politic. His chronicle shows, once more, the manner in which nihilist metaphysics leads on to a totalitarian politics. The parallels with old John Brown are ominous. ☐

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Miss Hickok's prose suffers from an excess of journalistic discipline; it is flat and unaffecting and it is the rare paragraph indeed that consists of more than three sentences. Of substance, there is little. This book is a rambling personal memoir that seems to have been written more to amuse the writer than to enlighten the reader. There was evidently no lack of warmth in the relationship between the two women, but Miss Hickok communicates it inadequately. I can understand, in light of the recent unsavory speculation, why this book has been re-issued; but why, to paraphrase John Simon, was it ever written? The book's most titillating revelation: Mrs. Roosevelt's favorite exclamation was "Oh, spinach!" Oh, my!

JOSEPH A. REHYANSKY

HIGH CRIMES AND MISDEMEANORS, *by Joanne Greenberg (Holt, Rinehart, 194 pp., $9.95).* "I don't believe in electricity—in wires carrying power from a waterfall somewhere, but I believe in color and I believe in Ben Casey and the good work he does," explains Aunt Bessie, when asked by her favorite niece how it is that she gets perfect color reception on an unplugged black-and-white television. Aunt Bessie, the central character in "Certain Distant Suns" (the first story in this delightful collection), had begun at the age of 56 not to believe in God and progressed to disbelief in germs, electricity, and, finally, gravity—this last leaving her floating helplessly in her own home. Unfortunately for Aunt Bessie, her initial crime of disbelief carries its own punishment. Throughout, *High Crimes and Misdemeanors* deals with just that: various kinds of crimes, some comic, some serious, and the consequences of these crimes. Mrs. Greenberg is the author of five novels, including *I Never Promised You a Rose Garden* (published under the name Hannah Green) and *Founder's Praise*, and two other collections of short stories. She writes with style and discipline, exploring with wit and compassionate insight the entirely human characters she has created. Certain of her stories—such as "Things in Their Season," which recounts the attempt of four men to steal time, in a literal sense, for their beloved but fatally ill Rabbi—deal with the essence of Jewish belief. In other stories Mrs. Greenberg covers such varied themes as a young ambulance driver's fantasy of himself as a superhero doctor with miraculous healing powers, and the successful attempt of some remarkably sane inhabitants of a mental institution to take over the local town government after their state has ratified a Patients' Rights bill. There is much more, of course, and none of the ten stories in this collection will be forgotten when the book is closed.

NORMA B. HAWES

GOLDMAN

(Continued from page 534)

Well, Hayden notes, some government is "flawed but okay." Right, but what about the question? I can only say, don't ask me, ask Hayden, because that was his answer. This time there are puzzled looks in the audience, but again, no challenge. Yes, he goes on, he'd like to hold office. "But you have to compromise too many beliefs running for state-wide office in California. That's what I don't like about politics," says Caesar refusing the crown.

Somebody asks Hayden, who in earlier remarks had called for total dismantlement of the CIA and a massive arms reduction, what he would do to get the hostages back from Iran.

Now, for the first and only time this evening, Hayden pauses, without a ready answer. He looks around, as though to divine what the audience wants to hear. It's a problem, because these students, like students everywhere, want *action*. They want the hostages returned. Hayden smiles, to show us all how silly is the question, which he'll deign to answer anyway:

"I don't see why I would have to solve that problem, because I would never have manipulated all those CIA intrigues to place the Shah in power in the first place."

Thus, it would seem, a political aspirant inheriting, say, inflation, need not solve the problem if he believes a predecessor caused it. Once more, there is no challenge from the audience. After all, he seems sincere enough.

And military reprisals against Iran, he says, would be wrong. "It would only be an act of vengeance." Yet he thrives in a political arena where a participant can't survive without rewarding friends and punishing enemies. Hayden goes on to tell us how *dumb* our leaders have been to make us so dependent on oil from Iran and other foreign countries. As though he'd spent the last twenty years stumping for a self-sufficient America.

A woman in the audience complains, pleading, as though to a stolid emperor, that she and her husband immigrated to this country from Europe, worked hard, and invested their savings in a small apartment building in Santa Monica. Now a Hayden-inspired rent control act (Santa Monica is the present home of Hayden & Fonda) has spoiled her dream. "Is this fair?"

Well, Hayden responds, the law she so dislikes is aimed only at buildings with five or more units. Thus, apparently, it's all right for a four-hundred unit complex to suffer the decay and abandonment inevitable under rent control as long as small buildings are untouched. The woman knows better, but sits down, exhausted by such sophistry.

Someone asks Hayden about his Middle East policy. Specifically, what is it? Hayden immediately responds that "Israel must have security" (a bow to some of his Beverly Hills campaign contributors). Trouble is, he continues, the PLO people he's "talked to around the world" say "they must have secular democracy. And Israel can't allow this." A statement which presupposes the PLO would establish a secular democracy in American terms. Red, white, and blue Arafat.

Then Hayden makes his usual campus-site pitch for increased student power in university administration. Of course he visits enough campuses to know what his victorious SDS manifesto of "educational democracy" has contributed to academic standards. Student consumers control decisions on faculty tenure and promotion by means of standardized, anonymous evaluation forms. In return for their stamp of approval they demand, not exposure to knowledge, but inflated grades. Achievement-test scores decline in spurts each year as Hayden calls for more of the same.

Trotsky in exile wrote endless metaphysical tracts about the failure of his revolution, always exploring why it went sour, why the "Bonapartists" destroyed his experiment and sent him into exile. He viewed the outcome as a vile accident, sure in the knowledge that an altered course here, another response there, would have changed everything. He never seemed to understand, as Solzhenitsyn later explained so well, that absolutism was built into the system, that Stalinism was no hideous mutation of the Bolshevik cause, but its obvious conclusion.

With Hayden, one senses that he understands the direction of his *Weltanschauung*, that he is not a man to be overtaken by the strength of his own force. No Trotsky or Zinoviev, he exudes a humorless, politburo kind of persona which is wedded not just to goals, plans, objectives, but also to angles. Whatever the true shape of his program, he at least knows what it is. □

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[General Daniel O.] GRAHAM:

[*Shall America be Defended?*]
—SALT II and Beyond

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

The Question of the Hostages

On The Right

New York, April 4—The salient asset of television showman Phil Donahue is probably his personal amiability, but his usefulness is as a remarkably reliable index of what it is that people are concerned about. It would be useful to politicians and journalists alike to be able to read a daily Donahue Index giving the weight he attached to the problems of the day. Last week Phil Donahue was lecturing me about the hostages in Iran before an absorbed audience of several thousand women (and several million listeners); and, as I went on to three successive encounters the next day with business and academic audiences, verily it transpires that the hostages continue as a major preoccupation of the public. Which is why the time is overdue for the President of the United States to say that from this moment on, the survival of the hostages will cease to be the coordinating aim of American foreign policy.

Mr. Carter, to be sure, is not anxious to take on Phil Donahue. But Mr. Carter is the President of the United States, not the chairman of a Committee to Free the Hostages. The freedom of the hostages should be an incidental effect of our foreign policy, not its engine. The difference between the two positions is both central and comprehensive.

VERY EARLY on—indeed two days after the hostages were taken—Henry Kissinger in a private conversation warned against putting their release as the first aim of our foreign policy. It is easier to make this point by bringing in the relevant context. Although the United States has not bothered with the clerical bookkeeping, we are —or should think of ourselves as being— at war with the state of Iran. Iran has violated American territory, done so without contrition, and holds fifty American citizens in bondage. They are, then, properly viewed as prisoners-of-war.

Now, wars are waged in a variety of ways, ranging from the dropping of atom bombs to vigilant supervision of a post-hostility period (the state of war between Germany and the United States lasted seven years after the death of Hitler). Wars of whatever kind are not successfully waged by assigning top priority to the return of the POWs. In point of fact, as a psychological matter a country tends to be weakened by such an assignment of priorities. When in the summer of 1972 Senator McGovern, running for President, announced that he would crawl on his knees if necessary to bring home our POWs from North Vietnam, he almost certainly prolonged their detention. Anything the enemy understands to be that supremely valuable, it is less likely to give up. (The hostages are one thousand times more valuable to the Iranian desperadoes for the attention that has been paid them.) The dutiful Mr. Walter Cronkite closes his broadcast every night by citing the number of days the hostages have been imprisoned. The television cameras seldom miss a day in the infinitely prolonged negotiations having as their objective the hostages' release. The result of this kind of thing over a period of five months is that we are not one step closer to manumission than we were on the fifth of last November.

Phil Donahue made several proposals to an audience at least half of which was with him. The President of the United States should swallow his pride, turn to Iran, and say, "I'm sorry." (Such a gesture, its moral objectionability for the moment aside, would put an instant world premium on the seizure of other American citizens in any country that holds a brief against America, and that list is long.) Or —Phil Donahue came up with an alternative that also commended itself to his audience—the Shah should undertake to return to Iran to face the punishment. (This magnanimous willingness to bring martyrdom to someone else recalls the wisecrack of 1939 to the effect that the British were prepared to fight to the last Frenchman.)

We need to "forget" the hostages. A simple declaration to the effect that the state of Iran will suffer greatly if any harm comes to the hostages, and will suffer here and now for its unlawfulness, is required. Our policy should aim at reparations (legislation could be devised to confiscate, rather than merely impound, Iranian assets). Iranian students should, in progressive numbers, be interned. An inventory of Iranian needs, economic and other, should be carefully studied, with a view to frustrating their satisfactions to the extent possible. The pressure should be relentless. But above all things, these pressures should not be influenced by any threats made on the hostages themselves, any more than wars are fought for the purpose of releasing POWs. It is providential that the right philosophical approach to the hostages—which is to subordinate their safety to higher policy—is the likeliest to effect their safety. □

THE SHAH FACES REALITY

New York, March 31—Really, the chaos of President Carter's foreign policy makes reel the mind, as the stylists of *Time* magazine used to put it. The circumstances surrounding the departure of the Shah for Egypt make one wonder whether the White House could organize a Boy Scout parade. Consider:

1. When the Shah was flown out of New York to Lackland Air Force Base in Texas, the question had arisen: Where next would he go? Hamilton Jordan went to Panama and, after secret conversations with Torrijos, returned to assure the Shah that Panama would give him sanctuary, and that there he would be absolutely secure, that there was no possibility of extradition.

2. The Shah made the mistake so many friends of the United States have in recent times made: he actually *believed* our representations. On arriving in Panama, he was sequestered on a plushy atoll where, every day, he read about himself in the papers. What did he read? That a United Nations tribunal, with the implicit sanc-

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ion of the White House, had been assembled to go to Iran there to pass judgment on the record of the Shah's reign over a generation. That tribunal was dispatched notwithstanding that President Carter had said that he would never sanction an autopsy on the Shah's reign until after our hostages were returned. Well—it turned out—the President didn't quite mean that. Because the President had been assured that if he okayed the tribunal, the hostages would be released. They weren't, of course; and Jimmy Carter was humiliated, although whether he recognizes that he has been humiliated can no longer be asserted with any confidence.

3. The tribunal in question, composed in substantial part of jurists who cooperate with despotic governments in their own countries which would laugh at any suggestion that torture and political imprisonment are disreputable, set out for Iran to "try" the Shah. But there was no one there to make the case for the Shah, a presumptive right we grant to the lawyer of Son of Sam and, indeed, granted even to the Nazi defendants in Nuremberg. Suddenly, before anyone quite realized what was happening, there is talk about *extradition* proceedings. This talk goes forward without a word from Jimmy Carter to the effect that he has a binding commitment with the government of Panama that extradition will not under any circumstances be entertained.

4. The Shah gradually recognizes that Panama's anti-extradition conventions are not recognized as binding by prestigious jurists in Panama, if by so designating the jurists we are not committing a diplomatic sycophancy. The Shah is informed that even if he can be confident that, in the end, the government of Panama will abide by its agreement, there are certain . . . formalities to which he must submit. One of these is that after a petition for extradition is lodged with the Panamanian courts, the defendant is, by law, summoned personally to state his case. One need not doubt that before a tribunal of the angels and the saints the Shah will have much to answer for—while yet asserting that the spectacle of the Shah, standing up before a barrage of Panamanian and Iranian lawyers, shouting and yelling at him in the mode habitual in the Iran liberated from the Shah by the Ayatollah, was at least an intolerable prospect, at most a dangerous one. The jacobinical compulsion to bend to the desires of the mob is hardly extinguished in the post-Renaissance age, even in proud countries that own their Canal. The Shah, whose incidental problem is that he is dying of cancer and needed an operation, experienced what one might now call the Oh-my-God-we-were-relying-on-America! syndrome.

He took the next flight out to Egypt, whose president is the outstanding man of integrity on the international scene.

RONALD REAGAN, campaigning in New York, was asked the question you would expect, namely would he stand by America's commitment to the safety of Israel. He answered simply, "I believe the United States should always stand by its friends." It cannot confidently be supposed that Jimmy Carter knew what Reagan was talking about. □

ALGER HISS AGAIN

New York, April 14—*Harper's* magazine has developed under its editor, Lewis Lapham, something of the reputation of a crotchet-collector, publishing much readable anti-Establishment material, including many of the editor's own columns; but descending from time to time to the level of flossy billingsgate. My own conviction is that Lapham no more believes in the innocence of Alger Hiss than he does in the validity of the Protocols of the Elders of Zion—he is too intelligent to believe that Hiss was innocent and too urbane to be swept off his feet by such ideological romances as bring otherwise normal people to fits of the vapors.

It is one thing, though, to permit oneself the indulgence of being cranky for the thrill of shocking people. Something else to use a journal over which one has editorial authority for the purpose of spreading lies and distortions; and the current essay (the third in *Harper's* pro-Hiss series) teems with them, made more odious by that arrogant sanctimony which is the specialty of the spiteful. Here we have a diatribe that tiresomely asserts, with utter disdain for the evidence, the innocence of Hiss—a convicted perjurer and former espionage agent of the Soviet Union brought to justice by the sacrifices and nobility of a writer, Whittaker Chambers, who was haunted by his own sometime complicity in the march of the barbarians against human freedom and dignity.

THE WRITER of the current article specializes in such sentences as "a . . . jury convicted Hiss on the word of one eccentric, suicidal man, an immigrant from the Communist underground, a born-again, come-to-Jesus convert aching for recognition and penance in contrition for a life of sin." In such language was St. Paul addressed by his tormentors.

The facts, needless to say, are preposterously set down. Hiss was convicted by the evidence—evidence that, with the cooperation of his wife, he had transmitted state secrets, transcribed on his wife's typewriter, and handed them to a Communist courier. The high pitch of gall (though not of sleaziness) is reached by the article's assertion that the data, taken from the FBI files under the license of the Freedom of Information Act, vindicate Hiss. Most conveniently the article does not mention the final authority on the Hiss story: the recent book *Perjury*, by Professor Allen Weinstein. It was Weinstein who invoked the Freedom of Information Act, confident that the materials would prove Hiss innocent. What he discovered was exactly the contrary—that Hiss was a victim of the facts, as he put it. To assert the innocence of Hiss without mentioning, let alone dealing with, Weinstein's book is on the order of writing an essay asserting the innocence of Richard Nixon without mentioning the tapes.

So depraved is the author's method that he ends by relying (as Hiss now does) on the homosexuality of Whittaker Chambers during a period in the early Thirties. He takes sneaky cover by saying that—of course!—homosexuality isn't exactly relevant to Hiss's guilt or innocence, but—the non-sequitur of the season—he tells us that if the jury had known that Chambers was once a homosexual, the jury would have refused to convict Hiss, on the grounds that no former homosexual can be believed. Although the essay is several thousand words long, it does not find space to tell the reader that Chambers's former homosexuality was revealed to the FBI by Chambers himself.

What's going on? Well, the boys are for one thing trying to hype a current film about Hiss's innocence, produced by a law professor—who is not identified in this essay as someone who has done legal work for Hiss over the decades. And beyond the flick, there is the *coram nobis* petition (blown to smithereens in the paperback edition of *Perjury*). That petition, the latest judicial venture of Hiss, is backed by the National Emergency Civil Liberties Foundation, which has been fronting for Communists for two generations, and is being litigated by Victor Rabinowitz, a lawyer who for as many generations has specialized in pleading the causes of American Communists and fellow-travelers. Once again, *Harper's* does not see fit to mention Rabinowitz's ideological background, while making so much of Chambers's sexual background.

It all approaches neurosis. Seeing it against the American death-wish most poetically and tragically identified in our time by Whittaker Chambers and Solzhenitsyn, one understands why Chambers sacrificed his life in the effort to rescue this one truth from the ashcan of history. As for Lapham, here's a cash offer: one month's deficit of *Harper's* magazine if Lewis Lapham will strap himself to a lie-detector that reveals that Lapham truly believes Hiss to be innocent. □

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

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L. One of the three names of a statue by Saint-Gaudens — 202 121 158 23 176

M. The opposite of a do-gooder? — 63 75 160 31 170 83 65 49

N. Suspension of play during a basketball or football game — 7 67 136 76 124 10 84

O. A longshoreman-philosopher — 2 27 35 20 52 60

P. A novel by Irving Bacheller — 111 126 150 106 183 191 196 204 17 24

Q. Would this include popcorn? — 104 50 56 131 114 77 68

R. A type of ink — 129 178 159 184 51 188 149 11 198

S. A German musicologist in U.S. (1880-1952) — 153 200 161 53 12 172 197 180

T. What Barabbas was — 41 203 171 194 169 112

U. Parturition — 54 58 132 66 91 99 105 28 94 119

V. A Confederate general (1817-1872) — 59 39 127 101 115

W. A city's central business area — 157 32 142 166 16 40 187 185

X. Misapprehension — 165 128 151 33 43 13 96 156

Y. Walter Johnson's and Grover Cleveland Alexander's specialty — 6 85 72 25 146 97 57

Z. The pope for a few weeks in 1503 — 47 5 135 78 143 155 162

a. An American League pitcher who had a 200-166 record — 147 122 80 86

b. What laws pertaining to dentistry need — 189 19 61 98 134

c. One of Longfellow's daughters — 195 167 93 140 190

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the end of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution.

See page 550 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

		1 G	2 O	3 J	4 K		5 Z	6 Y		7 N	8 H	9 K		10 N	11 R	12 S	13 X	14 K
15 A	16 W	17 P		18 I	19 b	20 O	21 A	22 J	23 L	24 P	25 Y		26 I	27 O	28 U		29 G	30 B
31 M		32 W	33 X	34 D		35 O	36 I	37 F	38 E		39 V	40 W	41 T	42 E	43 X		44 G	45 I
46 F		47 Z	48 G	49 M	50 Q	51 R	52 O	53 S		54 U	55 K	56 Q		57 Y	58 U	59 V	60 O	61 b
	62 E	63 M		64 J	65 M	66 U	67 N	68 Q	69 I		70 I	71 E		72 Y	73 A	74 B	75 M	76 N
77 Q	78 Z	79 I	80 a		81 J	82 K	83 M	84 N	85 Y	86 a	87 A	88 C	89 D	90 F	91 U		92 E	93 c
94 U	95 G	96 X	97 Y	98 b		99 U	100B	101V	102E	103D	104Q		105U	106P		107f	108H	109J
110B	111P	112T	113C	114Q	115V		116C	117G	118H	119U	120J	121L	122a	123A	124N	125E		126P
127V	128X	129R	130E	131Q		132U	133E		134b	135Z	136N	137H	138D	139G	140c	141E		142W
143Z	144B	145K	146Y	147a	148G		149R	150P	151X	152A	153S	154K		155Z	156X		157W	158L
159R	160M	161S	162Z	163K	164B		165X	166W	167c	168H	169T	170M		171T	172S	173A	174C	175H
176L		177D	178R		179K	180S	181C	182F	183P	184R	185W	186J		187W	188R	189b	190c	191P
192D	193F		194T	195c	196P	197S	198R	199J		200S	201D		202L	203T	204P			

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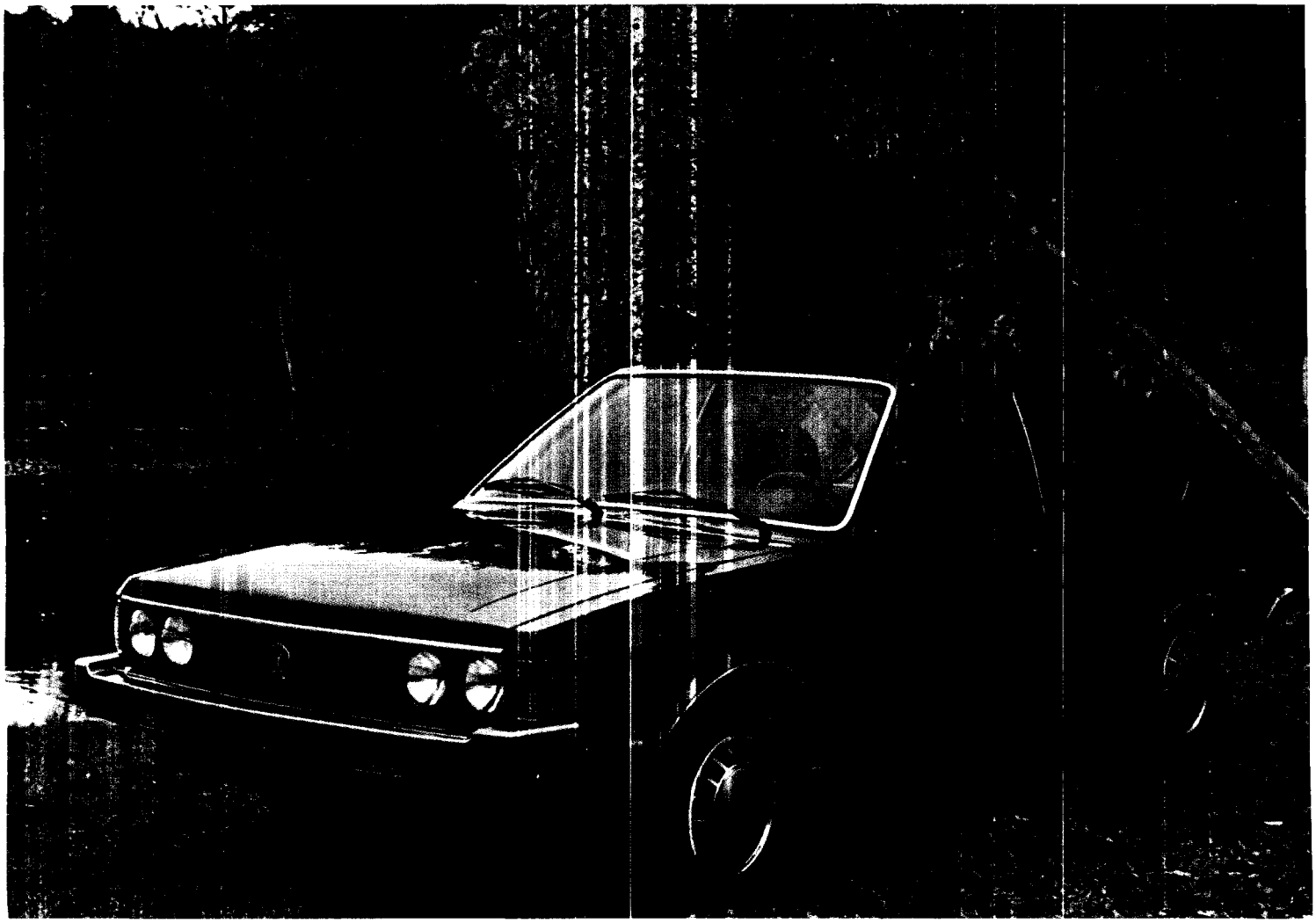

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*Dasher Diesel Sedan 0-50 mph in 13.0 sec.

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